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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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PEARL S. BUCK
*From a drawing by S. J. Woolf. Courtesy of* The New York Times Magazine.

## Pearl Buck's Story of an Elemental Woman

*THE MOTHER. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by [illegible]

THIS is a story about people who live in a Chinese hamlet consisting of but six or seven small farmhouses. The sights, the sounds, the scents of the Chinese land pervade the book, but it is far more than a picture of country life. The heroine, the mother—we never learn her name—is the Universal Mother come to life. That mother whom, since early ages, the peoples have worshipped under many names: Ishtar, Innini, Britomart, and a hundred others! She is elemental; is one with the pregnant earth and all creatures who walk upon it. She is an incarnation of the full-breasted goddess of fertility whom prehistoric sculptors loved to carve. And yet in the most simple, natural manner possible she becomes, in Mrs. Buck's hands, a living, breathing Chinese peasant who is thus described: "with broad strong face, full lips, darkly brown and red with wind and sun . . . a face not beautiful but passionate and good. One would say, here is a quick-tempered woman but warm wife and mother and kind to an old woman in her house." She throbs with what we call "maternal feeling" but is not "life instinct" a better phrase?

Mothers have always been the strongest single force in China; strong men are weak before them and the countless babies of a Chinese village seem theirs and theirs alone. The woman of the story looked at her husband as they worked together in the fields:

> She knew that men cannot work as women do, but have the hearts of children always in them, and she was used now to working on in her steady way while he flung down his hoe and laid himself upon the grass that grew on the footpath between this field and the next and slept an hour or two.

This husband whom the mother loved, and whom she scolded, was not bound to the land as she was. He loved to sing in a "high, shaking, thrilling voice, his words set into some swift rhythm"; he sang so well that "often times upon a holiday he was asked to sing for all in the teashop and

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## The Sources of "Anthony Adverse"

BY HERVEY ALLEN

SO many questions have been asked in public and in private as to the sources of "Anthony Adverse" that I feel it right to make a statement not only in behalf of my book but of historical romance in general.

When "Anthony Adverse" was first published the question of providing it with an introduction and a bibliography was carefully discussed. After careful consideration it was decided not to do so, for reasons which I still feel to have been entirely pertinent and convincing.

In the first place, the book was already bulky, and there was also the consideration that to furnish forth a huge romantic novel with all the apparatus of historical introduction, notes, and a long bibliography would have been to give at first sight to reviewers, to the book trade, and to the so important first readers a totally wrong slant as to the nature of its contents. Considering that the author was known in prose as a biographer, had his first novel appeared disguised as an historical treatise or a scholarly dissertation upon some historical period, with all references to authorities and sources provided, it might have been taken for what it would have been made to appear to be—a ponderous and erudite work upon an obscure and remote subject.

ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF ROBERT POTTS
*From "The Memoirs of William Hickey." Selected by Hervey Allen as the physical type of Anthony Adverse.*

Furthermore, it is not the custom to provide novels with bibliographies and references to sources. Quite the contrary. To the general reader of fiction notes and the like are a nuisance and a stumbling-block—and there was no more reason why they should be provided in the case of "Anthony Adverse" than in a thousand other cases.

At the time of publication no one, of course, foresaw that "Anthony Adverse" would have the enormous number of readers it has attained. Among them are many who have paid the novel the inadvertent compliment of taking it for actual history or biography. Indeed, there are some who insist that it is nothing but a mass of incidents and characters, taken piecemeal from books written during the epoch with which it deals and loosely strung together. There are even quite a few who assert that they are descended from, or related to, characters who appear in the book—and who are demanding further information about their relatives in no uncertain terms.

Now this is at once flattering, amusing, or annoying, as the case may be. For if the author takes the trouble to assure one of his correspondents, for instance, that someone in the novel is an imaginary character, his correspondent is both disappointed and angry and replies indignantly that he knows that this is not so. He has read about the original of the character, he has letters from him, he is living in a house built by him, etc., etc., etc.—and "P. S. We never knew Uncle was married. Did he have any children?"

Then there is the kind of person who is a small collector, a "great reader," or a specialist in some byway of time, who happens to have a copy of a book from which certain incidents in the novel are drawn. He can seldom resist writing the editor of the literary column that he *knows* just where the novel was taken from. "Plagiarism, by the gods! Put the author on the spot, Mr. Editor, and (incidentally) tell the world what a clever, erudite, and entirely right-minded man is Percy Q. Smith who watches thus over the annals of literature."

Among a million readers or so there are bound to be a number of Percy Q. Smiths. They do not realize that, if their basis of indignation were to be admitted, no more historical novels could be written, for there is only one way to write an historical novel and that is to use fully any material out of any book anywhere, always providing the material is reworked and reshaped into that new entity which is from the novelist's own mind.

After all, how do people who are given to grousing about the use of historical sources suppose that a novel like "Anthony Adverse" can be written? It is placed in time considerably over a century ago. The author, of course, was not alive then. Nor is there anyone left who was. Is the author, then, supposed to go into a trance and return with his story verbatim by some mystic intuition or "inspiration"? Or does he, like all the tribe of historical novelists before him, find that verisimilitude of the intricacy of incident in times past in the written records, the books, diaries, letters, and documents of the era which he is depicting? Of course he does—because he must.

So there is no doubt about the fact that many incidents in "Anthony Adverse" came from old books, etc. I should think that fact would have been too obvious to be seriously pointed out. The mere fact that "Anthony Adverse" is an historical novel *admits* it. People who make the "discovery" that there is old material in the book, and who solemnly insist upon pointing it out, are, of course, at liberty to do so. But they are also, I must be permitted to add, enormously naïve, and undertaking with a deal of pedantry to peddle no news and no scandal. They are simply elaborating the obvious. And the more elaborate the "proof" is, the more silly it becomes.

For the question is not whether material from certain sources was used, or even what was used, but *how* the material was used, and I propose at this time and in this place to be explicit about my use of source material for "Anthony Adverse." I propose to tell where, in the main, it came from, what I did with it—and why.

In the first place, then, at least two thirds of the book is not immediately taken from any historical or literary source material at all. It came directly from my own imagination as the result of a lifetime of experience and general reading. It took shape in thought from a thousand events, people, places, and books that I can no longer trace myself, and which it is only ludicrous for me to see attributed to this or that printed source, as though everything in literature was always taken out of cold storage and nothing ever home grown. There was not a great deal of formal research connected with the book. I did not haunt libraries to get up my subject, nor did I card index [illegible]. Only those who wish to be highly instructive go in for "creative research." I desired to amuse, and I began by amusing myself.

I began by making a story about an orphan. It was disjointed and tattered at first. I saw the last scene of his life plainly even before I was aware of many of the prior events. It is the scene where Anthony cuts down the tree, on page 1219 of the novel.

Then I saw that the beginning of my hero's life was vaguely like that of a real man whose biography I had once written, Edgar Allan Poe. There was also an old man, a Scotchman, in it, not the boy's father and yet in a strange paternal relation to him. I knew the old Scotchman's name was Bonnyfeather and that he was a Jacobite, because he said so himself

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## This Week

THE MACHINE UNCHAINED
By LEO HAUSLEITER
*Reviewed by Mauritz A. Hallgren*

SEA LEVEL
By ANNE PARRISH
*Reviewed by Isa Glenn*

AFTER THE GREAT COMPANIONS
By CHARLES J. FINGER
*Reviewed by William Rose Benét*

BARE HANDS AND STONE WALLS
By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
*Reviewed by John Palmer Gavit*

CHARLES DICKENS
By STEPHEN LEACOCK
*Reviewed by Amy Loveman*

AMERICA FACES THE NEXT WAR
By FRANK H. SIMONDS
*Reviewed by Hamilton Fish Armstrong*

## Next Week or Later

KEMMERER ON MONEY
*Reviewed by Frank A. Vanderlip*

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# Industrial Society

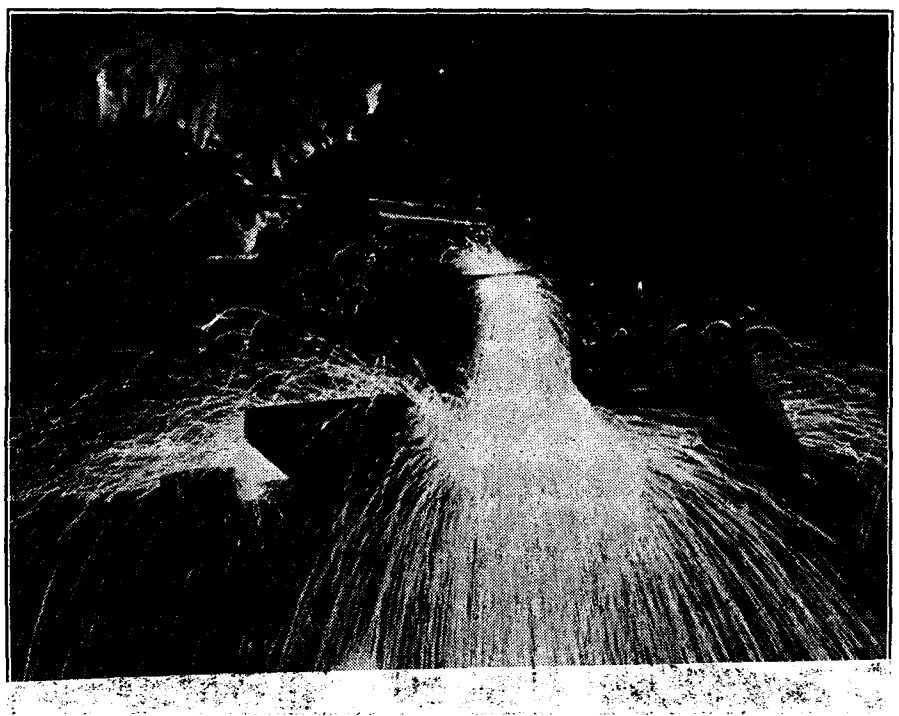
*THE MACHINE UNCHAINED. By Leo Hausleiter. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company.* 1933. $3.

*OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS. By Collin Brooks. New York: Henry Holt & Company.* 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

FEW are the students and writers who, having looked carefully upon the ills of the world, have the courage to go forward. The majority retreat, seeking refuge in familiar environments. Both Messrs. Hausleiter and Brooks belong in this category. The one, clearly overwhelmed by the magnitude of the world problem, gropes for security in a rationalized economic nationalism. The other, having a liking for individual freedom and seeing that freedom constantly compromised by the demands of the state, would seek happiness in a flight from authoritarianism.

Of the two studies, that by Herr Hausleiter is by far the more penetrating and more profound. It approaches the economic problem with real Teutonic thoroughness. In its conclusions, however, it is the more illogical and, therefore, the more disappointing of the two books. In the beginning, Herr Hausleiter argues, industrial crises tended to cure themselves. They were crises of growth. Productive energy, spurred on by expanding markets, rising prices, new inventions, and a ready flow of capital, ran ahead of the capacity of the people to consume. This inevitably brought a slump in prices which automatically compelled industry to check production until consumption had had a chance to catch up. Then new markets, or a new invention, or the mere fact that prices had fallen so low that consumption was again stimulated started the industrial machine on another spree. The periodic crises served only to prevent the machine from growing too fast.



goods in the colonial markets, taking foodstuffs in return. Then Europe began exporting capital and technicians as well as consumption goods, so that now the colonial countries need no longer buy the manufactured wares of Europe but can produce them for themselves. The invested capital, whether at home or abroad, must earn a certain return, for idle capital is worse than useless; it takes profits from the capitalist and wages from the worker. And the only way in which it can earn profits and wages is by turning out goods. Europe must, therefore, continue to produce goods. So, too, must the former colonial countries. They endeavor to protect and stimulate their own industries by raising ever higher tariff barriers, but this only impedes the flow of goods and in the last analysis is an additional charge upon productive capital which can only be compensated for by the production of still more goods. Another major factor is the enormous indebtedness left by the World War (which Herr Hausleiter contends with persuasive logic was but an aggravated economic crisis). This debt must somehow be met. The capital against which it was originally charged has been blown out of existence. It must, then, be met by existing productive capital, which already is carrying an immense burden, and this can be done only by producing still more goods. When the crisis comes, it no longer has a simple curative effect as in the past. There are no new markets to which to turn; they have all been preempted. The inventive genius of mankind offers no real hope, for, according to the author, the cycle of new mechanical or scientific inventions has about run its course. Prices might still fall far enough to stimulate consumption, but even this is no longer permitted. "Industrial imperialism" has reached the point in the manufacture of numerous commodities where prices are artificially held up by the monopolies or combines concerned. Of late the state has been increasingly disposed to step in and check the fall of prices or pump new life into production before the deflationary process has fully run its course. The state must do this, for the modern industrial crisis has become one "in which survival is at stake." The crisis becomes interminable. It feeds upon itself. Credits are needed to keep the machine going. This increasing charge requires the production of more goods. For this more credits are needed—they are "the price of survival." And so on until once again "there will be murder and destruction in the world's markets."

Herr Hausleiter's analysis is devastating. In many respects it follows the Marxian pattern; elsewhere it resembles Spengler. It pictures the unchained machine rearing up a giant in America and later in Russia, crushing Europe between them, reaching into the remotest corners of the earth. "No power on earth can prevent it from completing its circle. Secluded happiness is no longer possible, not even for a nation of herdsmen." The solution? Germany must, for the author is addressing a German audience, erect the corporate state, develop to the utmost its own resources, work out a program of self-sufficiency, and hide behind the strong walls of economic nationalism. A startling solution to come from a man who has looked upon the world and found its economic interests to be so interwoven as to be inseparable. Germany might survive this rigorous treatment; but what of the world as an economic whole?

Mr. Brooks takes a much happier view. He does not venture deeply into economics or international finance. Nor does he inquire into the world problem as a world problem. Rather does he confine his examination to England, to the rise of the rich and the degradation of parliament, to the well-being of the workers and the social aspects of economic legislation, to certain economists and their theories, and to his recipe for personal happiness. His contentions are two: First, that our discontents are merely relative and therefore not so bad as they seem; second, that economists are not to be trusted in the management of our political or social affairs.

He begins by asserting that an objective survey would show England to be "a land gratifyingly free from individual penury." It is a little difficult to accept this statement in view of all the evidence to the contrary that is available, but Mr. Brooks may know his England better than we do here in America. He argues by implication that we err in measuring material distress in present-day terms. We ought instead to compare the condition of the workers today with their condition a century or two centuries ago. True, such a comparison would show a considerable improvement in the lot of the average wage-earner. But is it enough to tell a man on the breadline that because his grandparents went without certain modern comforts and conveniences he really should not be finding fault because he likewise has to do without certain comforts and conveniences? In his criticism of the economists Mr. Brooks stands on firmer ground. He accuses them of failing to understand human nature and to comprehend its importance in relation to the "politico-economic measures" they devise. They would standardize the whole of society, making all people live by rote and by law. To which one might add that the economists are not now and have never been agreed upon the laws which they believe should govern society.

Not only would Mr. Brooks save us from an Economic Plan, which he feels would only increase the tyranny of the state and place us under the thumb of the rigid-minded economists, but he would have us get along with as little government and as few laws as possible. In the ideal sense this is certainly desirable. But, alas, Mr. Brooks does not tell us how we are to achieve this end. It is not easy to see just how we are to cut our way through the complexities of industrial society in order to gain the simple life.

*Mauritz A. Hallgren, an associate editor of* The Nation, *is the author of "Seeds of Revolt."*

# A Poet Whose Name Outlives His Work

*ALFRED DE VIGNY. By Arnold Whitridge. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE name of Alfred de Vigny is known to every literate person whose reading has brushed even the fringes of French literature; but in England and America, at least, his writings are now unread. What to us are "Chatterton," "Cinq Mars," and "Servitude et Grandeur Militaire"? The blunt answer is, nothing. And what of his best poems? Only a few lines, if any, have a claim upon our memory: such lines as the imagined words of the dying wolf; the plea of Moses, "Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre"; the cry of the poet, betrayed by the *amours factices* of Marie Dorval, speaking through the mouth of Samson—"Et, plus ou moins, la Femme est toujours Dalila."

It is a curious combination this, the famous name and the unread works; but we have no real reason to reproach ourselves. It is not a creative artist of the higher ranks that we have been neglecting, and there is no chance of our rediscovering Vigny as a vital literary force. For a few years he was a significant writer, but he outlived his own significance. He was a standard bearer in the romantic assault upon the classic citadel, but the hardy storm troops of the 1830's quickly swept ahead of him and left him nursing his banner in aristocratic loneliness and pride. "J'ai fait illustre un nom qu'on m'a transmis sans gloire," declared the poet; and he spoke truly. His name is still illustrious. But when Mr. Whitridge's few quotations send us back to the small corpus of Vigny's poems (it would require even more persuasion to send us back to the plays), it is only in "La Colère de Samson" that we still find the pulse and heat of contemporaneous life. Until the fied when he wrote:

Bientôt, se retirant dans un hideux royaume,
La Femme aura Gomorrhe et l'Homme aura Sodome;
Et, se jetant, de loin, un regard irrité,
Les deux sexes mourront chacun de son côté.

Mr. Whitridge has written a brief, accurate, and sympathetic biography of the fastidious poet who sprang from a line of worthy fighting men. He has been wise enough not to paint his subject larger than life, not to claim for him an importance greater than his due. Indeed, the characteristics of this biography are those of Vigny himself: it is well bred, quiet, reserved, and intelligent; it never stoops to vulgarity for color or excitement. Another biographer might have made livelier copy of Vigny's affair with Marie Dorval, and it is certain that a follower of the Freudian school would have made a psycho-analytic holiday of Vigny's feelings for his mother. Mr. Whitridge deserves respect for what he has chosen not to do, no less than for what he has done.

But in one respect, I think, the biographer has failed. He has tried to demolish the legend represented by Sainte-Beuve's lines regarding Vigny's "ivory tower" and by Sandeau's remark that "Vigny was not on intimate terms with anybody, not even with himself." He has sought to present Vigny not as "a disembodied intellect" but as "a singularly vivid personality." He insists that the poet was "a practical man of business, a conscientious landlord, and a most affectionate friend." And there is no gainsaying that he has facts on his side. But they prove to be unpersuasive facts. Despite his best efforts, Mr. Whitridge leaves us with a clearer view of Vigny's intelligence than of his personality. At no point does the whole man live vividly before us. He has written an excellent minor biography of an admirable minor author, but the subject of that biography preserves the aloofness that distinguished him in life.

# Love Is a Green Tree Still

By ALEXANDER LAING

OTHERS have gone with the grackles; you endure.
Loves have been lost in the flick of a grackle's wing,
Chaff in the great celestial winnowing
Of the flail of the equinox: that hour unsure
When the arid breast and the barren land abjure
Their wayward summer, child of a careless spring.
As seasons alter, birds and the weak loves cling
To a transient wind; but you clung to my heart, secure.

Gone are the grackles. Even the downy drummer,
Last to loosen the gripping of jasper feet,
Flits from under the willow's graying hair;
But you have endured through summer and Indian summer,
Delicate frost, snow, and the hissing sleet;
And love is a green tree still, in the icy air.

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# A Great Actor's Life

*EDMUND KEAN. By Harold Newcomb Hillebrand. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1933. $5.

Reviewed by ALLARDYCE NICOLL

WHAT a thrilling time the theatrical historian of the year 2033 will enjoy! Looking back upon our period, he will view it as we view the thirties of the nineteenth century, but instead of a few prints (sometimes doubtfully authentic) and a certain number of references in books or newspapers, he will possess genuine records in the form of talking pictures; by their means the actors of this era will live on into the next.

Mr. Hillebrand, I fancy, would sacrifice much of his material—even Hazlitt's rich and penetrating analysis of Edmund Kean's intepretation of Shakespearean roles—for just such a thousand feet of film recording the tones of Kean's utterance and his movement on the stage. But Mr. Hillebrand is writing, not in 2033, but in 1933, and consequently he has to piece together his mental image of Kean's acting from a variety of sources, sifting the false from the true, making all allowances for prejudice, hatred, and envy. This task he has completed in such a way as to rank him as an able biographer, historian and interpreter. Sometimes one may be inclined to suggest that he has been a trifle dogmatic in his elucidation of certain vague or conflicting documents, but in the main the utilization of his material is marked by care, by accuracy, and (most important of all) by appreciative vision.

The career of this Edmund Kean is one of the most fascinating in the whole range of theatrical biography. Garrick's perhaps is more picturesque, and Mrs. Siddons's more monumental; but picturesqueness and monumental quality must yield place to the meteoric rise of Kean's star and its dismal extinction within the space of but a few years. So meteoric, indeed, was Kean's frenzied progress and so short its enduring that legend found free scope to weave fairy tales about his memory. The first of Mr. Hillebrand's tasks was to winnow the myth from reality, and this part of his work has been accomplished with the surety of a scholar's skill. That he has not been able to establish definitely either Kean's parentage or the exact date of his birth need not surprise us, for the future upholder of Drury Lane and darling of society was ushered into the world but obscurely; we like to think of Nancy

KEAN AS HAMLET

Carey as his mother, for this would make him the great-grandson of Henry Carey, eccentric author of "Chrononhotonthologos" and of "Sally in our Alley." Concerning many other facts of his early years there is equal doubt, but one thing at least is certain:—until 1814, when he was twenty-six years of age, he remained nothing but a miserable, unrecognized provincial actor. Then a strange fortune came to him. On November fifteenth of the preceding year Arnold of Drury Lane visited the little theatre at Dorchester, was impressed by the powers of this unknown player and engaged him for the great, although then financially shaky, metropolitan playhouse. There, on January 26, 1814, Kean, after a single rehearsal, made his appearance as Shylock. The effect was the most extraordinary in the whole chronicle of the stage. The theatre was three quarters empty, his fellow-actors listless and contemptuous; but, with the fire of genius, this man swept all before him. Luckily one of those in the audience was William Hazlitt, dramatic critic of the *Chronicle*, and thus the contemporary public was informed of a new star while to posterity was handed down a magnificent record of his powers. Throughout that season his performances drew an average of £484 nightly, whereas those in which he did not appear brought only £212. With his success, the waning fortunes of Drury Lane were saved.

At the close of his first triumphal rendering of Shylock, the actor had rushed off post-haste to his wife: "Mary," he cried, "you shall ride in your carriage, and Charley shall go to Eton." Both prophecies came true, but tribulation accompanied triumph. To Kean's head, the head of a genius, sudden fame, after the long years of weary provincial wanderings, went like champagne to that of a starving man. He became arrogant, presumptuous; on his first tour to America he deeply offended the citizens of Boston, thereby arousing a storm of abuse which lasted and tormented him. Worse still for his peace of mind and for his popularity, Mary was forgotten and a low intrigue started with Charlotte Cox—an intrigue that ended in a vulgar public scandal. So intoxicated was Kean that he remained dazed by the popular clamor; audiences in England and in America rose against him and he had no defense but vituperation and, later, puzzled, abject, grovelling submission. The last days were sad ones, wretched physically and intellectually degraded. On May fifteenth, 1833, just twenty years after he had been discovered by Arnold, and some eight after his discrediting, he died miserably.

Such is the story, pitiful but essentially human and appealing, which Mr. Hillebrand has to narrate. Lacking the thousand feet of film, he has yet recaptured some of those authentic accents which once stirred thousands of spectators American and English. He has succeeded in writing that rarest of books—a really adequate study of a great actor's life.

* *

*Allardyce Nicoll, formerly professor of English language and literature at the University of London, is now chairman of the department of drama at Yale University.*

## An Elemental Woman

(*Continued from first page*)

so pass the time away." He was often bored in this tiny hamlet:

> When he rose in the morning there was this circle of low round hills set against this selfsame sky, and he went forth to labor until night, and when night was come there were these hills set against this sky and he went into the house where he had been born and he slept upon the bed where he had slept with his own parents until it grew shameful and then they had a pallet made for him.
>
> Yes, and now he slept there in the bed with his own wife and children and his old mother slept on the pallet.

The old mother, now wearing out her second suit of grave clothes; the little daughter with sore eyes (how many children in China share her sad fate!); the eldest son who must shoulder responsibility before his time; the younger boy whom his mother adores; the silent, honest cousin; his wide-mouthed kindly wife; the lascivious landlord's agent; and a few odd neighbors are the actors in this village drama.

From a handful of lustreless pebbles a jeweller produces glittering gems, so from the humble life of a Chinese hamlet Mrs. Buck produces a rich, a moving, an absorbing tale.

Has her opportunity been unique, or is it she who is unique? There can be no doubt as to the answer. Mrs. Buck is a novelist to whom life unfolds its secret.

* *

*Florence Ayscough, who was for many years a resident of China, is the author of "A Chinese Mirror," "Pictures of the Chinese World," etc.*

# An Ironic Story of a Pleasure Cruise

*SEA LEVEL. By Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ISA GLENN

ANNE PARRISH is growing. This is the most profound, as it is the most chaotic, of her books. But Aldous Huxley wrote "Point Counter Point" before he could go along another stretch of the royal road to novels destined to live beyond the life of their author and the ballyhoo. A novelist goes into another avatar; he changes, almost as the body is said to renew itself every seven years; and upon his shoulders, whether or not he wills it, there falls another mantle. He may lose his public: and it is only an annoying temporary set-back, for he knows

ANNE PARRISH

that he is doing better work. In reckoning the phases of a writer's art—based chronologically on his list of books and not on the passage of the years—one uses terms which are loosely applied: youth, the middle years, old age. And yet, in a way, these terms are nicely discriminating. Youth is sarcastic, middle age is ironic and then pessimistic, and not before old age does one attain to a mellow forgiveness of all that the human being may do. Anne Parrish has reached a profound, although unacknowledged, pessimism.

It is comforting that she has retained her hold on charm whilst acquiring pessimism. Her suavity, her simple, lovely, always right but unassuming English style entrances the reader as it did in her earlier, more light-heartedly ironic books. It is unnecessary to say that she writes distinguished books; if one can write English as the English write it—these days—one is perforce distinguished.

"Sea Level" could have been cut to its advantage. It should have been pointed up. It is a generous slice of the layer cake of the American who goes a-travelling; but the reader is not convinced that the ingredients of the cake would not more definitely, more irretrievably, have spoiled before the termination of this cruise around the world which constitutes the theme of the novel. The travellers—ill assorted persons drawn together by the advantages of a floating palace which their tickets guarantee will touch at every port offering mental improvement—these people with all the time necessary for their lives to bear fruit, with every opportunity for their flirtations to bear fruit also—these impervious beings, the sort who would go on an around-the-world personally conducted voyage—these creatures would have scratched each other a little more deeply, they would have screamed a little louder when the poor little man jumped overboard: they could not, conceivably, emerge from their enforced close association in possession of the same nerves with which they had set forth. Whilst thinking that they were off on a pleasure trip that would at the same time, and almost painlessly, educate them, they were really setting forth upon an education of their character; but at the end of the book they go ashore the same persons who had stepped upon the deck to leave their native land. This effect—of their coming home unchanged—arises from the lack of a sharper contrast in their behavior as the trip advances.

This is the weakness of the book. The fact that it is not a plot story will annoy those who overlook the indisputable truth that the greatest of all plots is the effect upon character of the wear and tear of life. In the same vein, of cavilling at small faults and overlooking great excellencies, one could point out that there is too much elaboration of the sight-seeing motif—too much travel-book material—for the novel form.

But these are piffling criticisms of a good book. In his preface to "The Awkward Age," Henry James says that the critics laughed at it; and "The Awkward Age" is a great technical achievement. "Sea Level" is not a great technical feat; it is the least so of all Anne Parrish's books; but it is her best book because it shows a wider vision. Through the medium of her little man she reflects:

> He had been brought up to think of the good soul in a life-long battle with the evil body. Yet, now, when the soul had departed, the body lay purified, the face was serene, with a purity that was awful. . . . This vile body, this corruptible, became at last, freed from the soul, God's image.

Miss Parrish's irony is directed, now, towards God's irony.

* *

*Isa Glenn is the author of "Transport," a novel which, like Miss Parrish's, depicts the introductions of a group of persons in the close proximity of a sea voyage.*

# One Man's Reading

*AFTER THE GREAT COMPANIONS. By Charles J. Finger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IF you don't know the man from Arkansas who lives in the Ozarks and has been the well-known editor of that lively one-man m
you don't know t
England who cons
bethan spirit, won
the best children's book of 1924, has written glowingly of highwaymen and rascals and has been shipwrecked in Patagonia, you must argue yourself unknown. His names is Charles J. Finger, he writes movingly, is usually on the move—and I shall *not* quote from Omar Khayyam! My piety (if any) and wit (ditto) have no desire, even if they could, to cancel one word of his.

His latest book before us is a sort of informal résumé of the vast reading he has done in a lifetime and the vast enjoyment he has had in it. He conveys that enjoyment. He writes not as a bookman or as a scholar but as what Lord Bacon called "a full man," who has taken his fodder from books wherever he found them and has a catholic taste that includes most of what is worth reading. His is no formal treatise—but it is such a book as should excite any youngster with natural curiosity to essay the great adventure of reading with delight in a great sport, which it is.

I have not room to quote from him here. I can only say that, like all of Finger's books, this is a book written with gusto, that ransacks English and American literature, wanders delightfully even as its author has wandered over the face of the earth, touches on journalism and periodical literature, makes authors past and present real people worth knowing, and stirs up a rich goulash about books and reading that is well worth putting on your bedside table and dipping into whenever you are of the opinion that books can pall. They have never palled for Finger. It is a good book to put in the hands of your growing children too. Tell them to dip into it here or there. A paragraph on any page is sure to arrest their attention and, before they know it, they will be led to making inroads upon your library or hieing themselves to the nearest public one. For Finger has the personal, unacademic touch on the life in letters that makes the discovery of fine books as exciting as Balboa's of the Pacific Ocean.

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*The Saturday Review*
of LITERATURE

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## Think Before You Read

Every New Year an old ghost comes out of our office closet with a reproachful leer which seems to say, you know that people read too much, why not do something about it instead of devoting pages of paper and ink to the attempt to prove the contrary?

Yes, some people, many people, read too much, but the ghost has been listening to the psychologists. They have been discussing the dangerous vicariousness of modern life until even the Sunday supplements are taking it up. Instead of making music for ourselves we listen to it, canned or etherized. Instead of expressing ourselves in paint as children love to do we look at photographs. Instead of playing games we read about sports in endless pages of spiced verbosity. Instead of making love we go to the movies. Instead of seeking experience or trying to think, we go (is this the right conclusion?) to books.

No one can step into this vexed question without putting first one foot and then the other into a bog hole of perplexity. It is quite clear that merely listening to music will never do for happiness what making music did for the Englishman of the Renaissance or the Italian of the eighteenth century. It is not quite so certain that the common urge to mould and draw and plan, if encouraged beyond childhood, would be a universal benefit. Human nature being what it is, and egoism so certain an accompaniment of maturity, could you count on a cityful of painters being willing to destroy their work when the creative urge was satisfied? And if not, what a clutter, as if all the songs and piano pieces of the non-vicarious musicians should remain suspended and audible in the air!

The question of books is equally perplexing. Suppose that books were not so abundantly made for all of us,—suppose that from childhood on we were encouraged to make our own books. That would mean the revival of story telling and improvisation—good in themselves, but obviously a short-term substitute for books. And as to books themselves, which can be compared to the music given us by composers, the only parallel to the playing of the music would be reading aloud, but that is not an exact equivalent, for there is no sense of creation, no release of personality in reading aloud comparable to rendering a sonata or a caprice. If there is to be an abatement in the vicariousness of reading it must be by reading less.

But here the argument splits. However strongly one may feel that an easy chair and a book of romance, adventure, escape, is a poor substitute for experience, yet one has to admit that experience of the quality that one gets in books is harder to come by now than in the past and brings more trouble with it. When war or any other form of adventure that breaks up the environment, is unleashed in a mechanized society, the romance rapidly changes to realism, and the non-vicarious experience soon becomes distressing or worse. There is a tenable proposition that without the movies there would be more, not less, gangsterism, rape, lynching, and irresponsible sentimentality. To offer the masses unlimited actual experience is about as sound as offering them cake to live on instead of bread. A violin, a piano, or a singing voice is a safer outlet for the creative emotions than pistols, airplanes, or heroic attitudes.

The answer thus far, is, of course, that while we read too much sloppy adventure, too much maudlin sport news, too much spiced realism, yet if some Hitler should put the lid down on escape literature the United States might become a prize fight instead of going to one.

If there is to be a complaint against too much reading, it will be more useful to concentrate on books of thinking and let books of feeling do their worst, which is probably not so bad as their readers might be without them. The habit of letting the printed word do our thinking is increasing in ratio with the number of people who read, and with the number of periodicals which cater to them; and here the practice grows more dangerous in direct proportion to the increasing complexity of our social problems. Many have noted the decline in common sense among civilized nations in the past decades, a decline which is probably due to too much reading. Now that the radio takes up the slack where the newspaper and magazine drop it, there is very little incentive for the ordinary man to sit down and think it out. Someone is always at his elbows offering a syndicated piece guaranteed to do his thinking for him. And what an alarming increase there has been lately of the books intended to tell you something about everything, and what to do about it! A conscientious reader of the pamphlet literature of the times, which means a man who reads two newspapers, several magazines, or a book or two a week on current topics, and listens to the radio in between, is like a hermit who has invited his city cousins to spend the summer with him, and finds his cabin crowded with the contents of a department store.

But this is no propaganda for intellectual anarchism. The simple mind thinks helplessly today without constant news from the watchers on the stream of change. Perhaps the best New Year's advice is a paraphrase of the old saying: think once before you read, and twice afterward.

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Tragedy, which set its stamp upon the early years of Jacob Wassermann, closed in again upon his life at its end. He won recognition slowly, after youthful struggles against poverty and prejudice. Then, after "The World's Illusion" had placed him among the outstanding authors of his day, his career, which had been largely devoted to combating anti-Semitism, was crowned with expulsion from German literary councils, and with the ban of the Nazi authorities. A tragic life, indeed, despite the fame it won before its close!

*The Saturday Review* recommends

This Group of Current Books:

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Viking.* A tale of Irish farm folk who became involved in the revolutionary movement.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL. *Little, Brown.* The sequel to "Mutiny on the *Bounty*."

CHARLES DICKENS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. *Doubleday, Doran.* A study of the man and his work.

This Less Recent Book:

PAPA LA FLEUR. By ZONA GALE. *Appleton-Century.* A story of the revolt of the younger generation.

"I WOKE UP ON MY BIRTHDAY THIS MORNING AND FOUND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW UNDER THE PILLOW."

# To the Editor: *Unusual Names; Books in Colleges*

### Chevalier and Mahony

SIR: In his interesting review of Mr. Mawson's "International Book of Names," in your issue of December 30, 1933, Mr. Holt expresses his surprise that, "though the French pronunciation is indicated," Chevalier is listed as an English comedian. Mighty are the triumphs of the movies when a third-rate *chansonnier* can obliterate even the memory of Albert Chevalier, greatest of all Cockney music hall singers, whose name is linked in fond association with those of Dan Leno, Little Tich, Marie Lloyd, and Vesta Tilley! At least three generations delighted in Chevalier and his "pearlies," and his three great hits, "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins," "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," and "My Old Dutch," are classics.

Mr. Holt also seems puzzled by the fact that Mr. Mawson gives only the correct pronunciation of Mahony, that is, accented on the first syllable. The name is Irish and is accented thus, as are such Irish names as Doran, Moran, Bernard, Dogherty, Kavanagh, Grattan, and Gogarty. Perhaps Mr. Holt or some of your readers can explain why, in this country, these names become Morán, Dorán, Bernárd, Doghérty (sometimes Dóggerty), Kavanáw, Grattán, and Gogárty? Soon, I suppose, my Irish blood will be curdled by such innovations as Mur*phy*, Sullivan, and O'Far*rell*. Incidentally, now that it is legal to say so, the name of the best Irish whiskey (not whisky!) is Jameson's, pronounced *Jeme*son's, and not James-son's.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York City.

### Teaching Current Literature

SIR: Your recent editorial, "Brain Trusts for Literature," holds more than passing interest for some of us. The general thesis of the desirability of the active participation of university departments of English in the presentation and criticism of current literature should meet general approval. It seems reasonable to suppose that the products of our schools who write our current books and magazine articles would be less confused in their standards if more attention had been given, during their undergraduate days, to modern literature.

But it is a little disconcerting to find in the editorial almost unqualified assertion that English departments "have stood aloof from literature in the making," etc. Many of the English departments in the country have long since broken with the old traditions. It is almost twenty-five years since I began to offer a course in current literature—one of the first so far as I know. Of course, coming from the graduate work in English of the time, I was entirely unprepared for presenting such a course. But since that time many similar courses have been organized. Considerable progress has been made in the effort to do just what the editorial suggests.

The history of the movement to bring current literature into the academic environment has not, however, been entirely fortunate. The teachers have all too frequently accepted vaudeville standards in creative and critical courses. This is true in both secondary and collegiate departments.

It would seem desirable for *The Saturday Review of Literature* to follow up this editorial, recognize what has been undertaken and what accomplished, and lead with further constructive suggestion.

V. C. COULTER.

University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyoming.

### Whence "O. Henry"?

SIR: I was interested to read in "The Bowling Green" of December 23rd the suggestion of "R. O. W." in the Columbus *Dispatch* as to the origin of William Sydney Porter's pen-name "O. Henry."

This problem is not nearly so difficult of solution as the many and various attempts to account for it would indicate. "R. O. W.'s," in common with most of the others' "solutions," does not account for the fact that Porter used the pseudonym "O. Henry" as early as the April 27, 1895 issue of "The Rolling Stone," which he was publishing at that time. This was, of course, years before he met any of the many gentlemen alleged to be the inspirer of that happy and now beloved *nom de plume*. And of course the story that Porter told George MacAdam about picking it out of the Society column of a New Orleans newspaper "while engaged in writing stories" in that city, was simply romantic spoofing on Porter's part.

In view of the above, why cannot we be satisfied with Prof. C. Alphonso Smith's suggestion that Sydney Porter adopted it, consciously or otherwise, from seeing a famous French pharmacist of the same name, O. Henry, mentioned many times in the "United States Dispensatory," a manual possessed and frequently consulted by all druggists. The latter was a trade pursued by Porter both in his Texas and in his prison days, and would seem to account most satisfactorily for the adoption of this pen-name.

PAUL STEPHEN CLARKSON.

Baltimore, Md.

### F. Hopkinson Smith

SIR: The Bibliography of F. Hopkinson Smith which you announced is turning into a Biography with a Bibliography. The daughter, Mrs. Marion Goodhart, and two of the executors for her father's and mother's estates, Mr. D. T. Moore and Mr. H. V. D. Moore, support the request that all who have *any* sources of information: engineering, artistic, literary, personal, communicate *now* with the official biographer, Caroline S. Lutz.

CAROLINE S. LUTZ.

University of Richmond
Richmond, Va.

### "Firsts" of Llewelyn Powys

SIR:—Your kind coöperation with me on my bibliography of the first editions of John Cowper Powys which is being published by Paul Johnston, Editor of The Book Collector's Packet, Woodstock, N.Y., was greatly appreciated. I am now working on a bibliography of the first editions of Llewelyn Powys and any assistance your readers may give me will in turn be appreciated. I shall welcome correspondence on that subject.

LLOYD EMERSON SIBERELL.

Box 83, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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# A Sideline Reformer

*BARE HANDS AND STONE WALLS: Some Recollections of a Sideline Reformer. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

LESS stirring emotionally, for lack of a certain indefinable quality of spiritual discernment, sympathetic understanding of the human heart, and indubitably inferior to it as a work of art; yet not less interesting as a recital of first-hand experience and mature reflection, this book is strikingly comparable with "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," Russell's contemporary in journalism—they are almost of an age. Both are accounts of personal contacts, participation in and observation of significant, sometimes momentous, social and political movements during the past half-century or more in the United States. The psychological difference is peculiar, characteristic of the two men. Steffens, the reporter, professionally on the outside looking in, is personally stirred to his depths, personally merged in his story—himself as it were the guilty party, sharing in the "shames" of various kinds that he describes as if with a guilty conscience. Russell, the participant, often the leader, even the initiator, of the causes upon which he comments, in this book anyway is more or less unconsciously a detached onlooker, diagnostician; sometimes even with his tongue in his cheek; keenly interested, loyally serving, never the slacker; but after the inevitable debacle not only free to turn to other matters, but able to conduct the autopsy with both candor and bubbling humor. This is not to make light of either his book or the activities narrated. Quite the contrary; if anything this makes only the more valuable Russell's contribution to American social and political history and philosophy. Steffens leaves one fairly hopeless—the heart of man is perennially, maybe incurably, weak in its struggle with social environment; the evils of which he writes are no better now and maybe never will be. Russell ever insists upon seeing light ahead, and upon salvaging the nuggets remaining from seemingly lost causes. He himself never failed to pick himself up out of the wreckage and hunt up another windmill. Yes, if you like, a Don Quixote, but an astonishingly sane one with a rollicking sense of humor. As for the weak-wicked heart of man—for a text he might have taken an anonymous remark, I dare say by Russell himself, addressed during a Hoffman House confab in 1907 to Judge William J. Gaynor, as the latter was beginning to say:

"The heart of man is so corrupt—"

"No! The heart of man isn't corrupt. The heart of man is sound and good. See how it shows up whenever it has a chance! We make a wolf-den of the world and then wail and wring our hands because men in it have to act like wolves or die. Nearly everybody will be decent if you give him half a chance."

"LET HIM ROAR, MR. SPEAKER!"
*Greenback, the Weaver (from Iowa) caricatured by Nast. From "Bare Hands and Stone Walls."*

Considered merely as a narrative of adventures in windmill-tilting, the tale is absorbing. Russell has run the whole gamut of reform effort, from the early 80's when he was active in the agitation for free trade to the day when American socialism went to pieces on the rocks of the World War. He fought for the Single Tax under Henry George, for the agrarian aspirations of the Farmers' Alliance and the People's Party, battled with municipal corruption in Brooklyn and Greater New York, helped to found the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, took part in the trust-busting movement, ran for Governor of New York and almost ran for President, on the Socialist ticket; went afoul of the Irish Free State in the early days of De Valera, went with the Root Commission to Russia . . . space limits preclude even a list of the things he was and did and saw; but first, last, and all the time he was fighting the profit system, popularly known as capitalism—the villain in the piece all the way through. As with the fabled new-landed Irishman, no battle for human betterment ever was to him a "private fight." He is near seventy-five years old now, but by temperament sighs for scraps, ever believing that they are not only worth while, but huge fun.

So, while this is a story of progressive, successive, and inevitable disillusionment, it nevertheless maintains throughout its central thread of unquenchable faith in fundamental human goodness and perfectibility, and ends upon a genuinely optimistic note. For those who expect immediate, large, and lasting success in any crusade it is depressing; but for those tempted even by Russell's own experience to feel that nothing ever comes of such endeavors it is a tonic to courage, perseverance, and ever-renewing assault upon evils however ancient and deep-rooted.

Especially right now, when the Roosevelt administration is bringing immense, unprecedented efforts to bear upon titanic problems, this book seems up-to-the minute. From where I sit, it appears one of the important books of 1933; with continuing messages of inspiration for the never-ending struggles in the years to come.

# One of the Immortals

*CHARLES DICKENS. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1934. $3.

*AN AMERICAN FRIEND OF DICKENS. By John T. Winterich. New York: Thomas F. Madigan.* 1933.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. LEACOCK adds nothing that is new to his subject. For our part we care very little. He has written a biography of Dickens, and by virtue of the fact his book is fascinating. Forster, of course, is more informed and informative, Chesterton more brilliant, but Mr. Leacock's pleasant portrayal, for all that its matter is familiar, deserves a welcome as a vivid and sympathetic projection of one of the greatest imaginative writers of all time.

Mr. Leacock, to be sure, is an idolator, but one who has sufficient detachment to admit that his idol has flaws. He makes no attempt, for instance, to deny the eagerness with which Dickens, literally catapulted into fame and competence by the enormous success of "Pickwick Papers," pursued the almighty dollar; he knows that he wrote too much and too fast; he deplores the bad taste which even at the beginning of his first American lecture tour permitted the lack of copyright to become almost an obsession with him, and the bitterness which caused him to berate and satirize an America which had opened wide its arms to him. He is uneasy under the separation of Dickens from his wife, and admits that "from first to last he was as sensitive, as jealous of his work as any third-rate actor, or any unprinted author. . . . He *must* have homage; he must have recognition." Granted. But what a man! What a genius! Mr. Leacock, in the full unrestraint of his reverence, places him ahead of Shakespeare. Well, we yield to no one in our admiration of Dickens; to no one, that is, but Mr. Leacock, but that does seem excessive. Mr. Leacock might have rested content with the estimate often offered which places Dickens by reason of the sheer exuberance of his fancy, his ability to create a variety of characters and invest them with the very accent and gesture of life, and his power to stir men to grief and gaiety, immediately after the dramatist in the ranks of creative writers.

WHEN DICKENS LECTURED
*From a sketch by C. A. Barry.*

With Mr. Leacock's opinions on individual books each reader, of course, will agree or disagree in accordance with his own preferences. Our own affections were sadly bruised by his appraisal of "Our Mutual Friend," which he thinks vastly inferior to most of the rest of the novels and regards as "interesting only as representing the failures of genius." Yet we wouldn't give up Bella Wilfer for a dozen other heroines, and many is the time we think with a smiling affection that is on the verge of tears of cherubic little Mr. Wilfer, whose shoes were always shabby if his hat was new, or his hat shabby if his shoes were new, and who bore all his small privations so ungrudgingly. Nor do we think Eugene Wrayburn was merely a cad. And as for dismissing Steerforth of the incomparable "David Copperfield" with that same single word! Of course he was a cad, but how gallant withal. We've spent more tears on Steerforth than on any other figure of literature, and all we have to do to shed them again is to open the book to his death. Moreover, we are not ready to grant that David Copperfield fails to emerge as a flesh and blood creation. On the contrary, though he is shadowy in comparison with Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, or Betsey Trotwood, he still has distinctive personality, and as a boy, at any rate, is a convincing and appealing figure. But we've degenerated from reviewing into airing our own enthusiasms, which is hardly to the point. It's proof, at any rate, that Mr. Leacock's book is stimulating reading.

Mr. Winterich's little volume, a charming booklet the cover of which reproduces the jacket designed by "Phiz" for the original issue of "David Copperfield" in parts, contains a brief sketch of Dr. Elisha Bartlett, an American friend and admirer of Dickens, and two facsimile letters. The first of these, addressed by Dickens to the physician, is particularly interesting for its reference to "David Copperfield" and its author's liking for that work. "Have you read 'David Copperfield,' by the same author?" he wrote. "They tell me that he bestowed a great deal of time upon it, and took an unspeakable interest and pleasure in its composition." The second is a note sent by Washington Irving to Bartlett expressing his thanks for a copy of "Simple Settings," a poetical tribute which Dr. Bartlett had composed in honor of Dickens.

# What Price Neutrality?

*AMERICA FACES THE NEXT WAR. By Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1933. $1.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

MR. SIMONDS carries a heavy stick and flourishes it sometimes good-naturedly, sometimes threateningly, in the direction of anyone who doesn't agree with him. He is exhilarating company, whether heard in person or via the printed page.

In the little book which he has just written he explains the dangers of war in Europe, describes the folly of Woodrow Wilson, Henry L. Stimson, Norman H. Davis, and Franklin D. Roosevelt in presuming that any man, let alone an American stateman, can subdue or mitigate those dangers, and concludes that the United States should withdraw into a shell of neutrality. When Mr. Simonds has reached that point he has written the introduction and opening chapters of a book. The concluding chapters should be devoted to saying what neutrality today consists in, to discussing whether or not it is feasible, what forces would have to be subjected if this country is to practise it effectively and safely, what changes in mentality and what changes in legislation would be necessary.

"Between neutrality and belligerency," writes Mr. Simonds, "there is no halfway station for any country in a world at war." Is there even that choice? Yes, but at a price which Mr. Simonds does not describe. Would the American farmer with a rotting surplus of wheat, would the American steel manufacturer and shipbuilder, the maker of chemicals and the grower of cotton, be satisfied to pay that price? Would American shipping interests concur? Would American financiers? Would our American moralist see no choice between the two contending sides, and would he withhold pressure on his government to support the right as he saw it and [illegible] the wrong?

At the pre[illegible] ernment is [illegible] ropean situation. As Mr. [illegible] out, the Hitler Government has stirred the witches' pot to the bottom, and nobody knows what may come out of it, or when. In his dramatic phrase, Hitler's capture of Germany "marked the transition from a post-war to a pre-war era." The British Government has been particularly worried. Has its concern enabled it to prevent the imports of nickel into Belgium (and thence into Germany) from increasing several hundred per cent in the last seven months? British mines in Canada produce anywhere from three-quarters to four-fifths of the world's nickel, which is perhaps the chief ingredient in a nation's preparation for war. Has anyone in England suggested that Canadian production be controlled to prevent the rearming of Germany? Does even the Belgian Government consider preventing its citizens from taking a part in the process, and making a profit out of it?

Does Mr. Simonds believe that, in case of war in Europe, American producers would willingly forgo selling their goods to either side, as well as give up their sales in any country which in turn was trading with either side? Can anything short of that, under modern conditions, with the list of contraband extended as it has been, make a country neutral in fact?

Mr. Simonds has written a provoking little book. It opens up so many questions and stops so soon. A second instalment is certainly called for.

* *

*Hamilton Fish Armstrong is Editor of* Foreign Affairs.

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Writing of the late Stella Benson in the London *Observer*, "A Friend" says: "She was one of the most personal authors of our time; every sentence is signed—yet she never tried to fetch material out of herself. . . . It was no accident that one of her favorite authors was Charles Lamb. Critical she was; but never condemnatory, unless she were faced by conscious cruelty to people or to animals."

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# Literary Revaluations

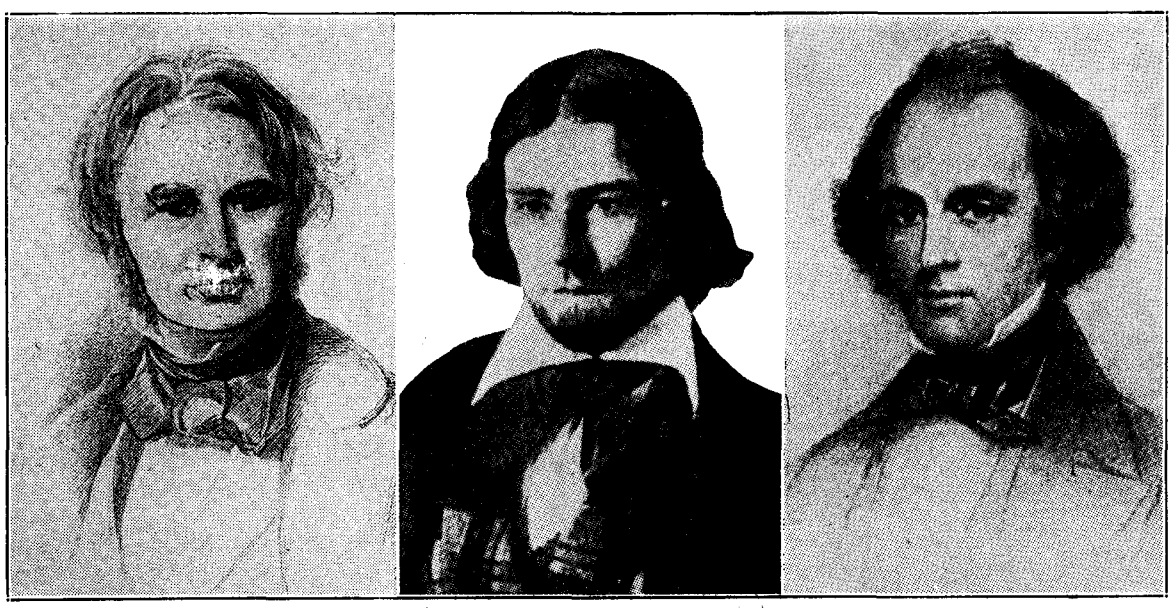
*NEW LIGHT ON LONGFELLOW. With Special Reference to His Relations to Germany. By James Taft Hatfield. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1933. $2.75.

*NEW LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1933. $4.

*THE AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Based upon the original manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library and edited by Randall Stewart. New Haven: Yale University Press.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

PUBLISHERS' lists and academic discussions of the past few years have concerned themselves with many new estimates of American authors and with new survey treatments of American literary history. We are obviously on our way toward a sounder evaluation of our cultural past than that implicit in the work of Barrett Wendell and others of his generation; but our exact position in this progress, and the relationship of our knowledge to our literary present, is too much obscured by the fogs of theory to be easily determinable. We know that the belles-lettristic approach of the past is definitely in the discard, and we know that Marxian and Freudian theses must be taken into account in any new analysis. But we have not yet discovered the grounds upon which our literature, past or present, may be judged as art and estimated as the expression of our esthetic experience.



WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG MEN: LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, AND HAWTHORNE

It is refreshing, therefore, to turn from books which sweep majestically across the panorama of our cultural past to such books as these, in which the approach is more nearly objective and evidence is examined with the care of sound scholarship. While theorists have been battling for new principles of criticism, a constantly increasing number of students trained in the principles of historical analysis have been slowly turning over again the time-yellowed manuscripts which must provide the basis for any future judgments accurate enough to hold. The assembling and reëxamination of the material with which our elder scholars worked is too tedious a task for our younger critics, but it must be done before their theories can be tested and finally established. Messrs. Hatfield, Howe, and Stewart have made notable contributions to this work in their studies respectively of the Longfellow manuscripts in Craigie House, the scattered Lowell letters not included in the works of Norton and Scudder, and the American notebooks of Hawthorne.

The names of Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne may be linked, not only because they were all prominent members of the group of New England writers of the period 1840-1870, but because they were all conscious literary artists. Lowell alone survived to write with awareness of the spirit of the times after the appearance of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" in 1869, but even he, with the others, may be regarded as the esthetic voice of an America which was settled by John Smith and William Bradford, and which disintegrated in the throes and the readjustments of the Civil War and the frontier movement. American literary history has had two main cycles: that which began with Brockden Brown and Philip Freneau and ended with Emerson and Lowell; and that which began with Whitman and Mark Twain and has not yet ended.

With the esthetic maturity of the Concord and Cambridge groups, a cultural cycle had run its course, and a nation which was bounded on the west by the Appalachian Mountains had found its literary expression. We cannot afford to dismiss the work of these men because it does not speak the mind of the American nation of today, bounded as it is on the west by the Pacific Ocean. If we wish to tell the history of our modern American literature, we should begin with Daniel Boone rather than with John Smith, with Walt Whitman rather than with Washington Irving. The problem which Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne call immediately to our attention is the place of art in the older America rather than that of the direct relationship of their views and accomplishments to the American mind of today.

Any revised estimates of these earlier writers must be in these terms. Although Mr. Hatfield was concerned primarily with the problem of Germanic influence in his restudy of Longfellow materials, he has focused attention on the cultural aspects of that influence, and has stressed the art consciousness of his poet as the basis of a new judgment of his work. To Longfellow, art was the product of knowledge, high seriousness, and a living in the actual world. Early dismissing "fine writing" as the primary aim of literature, he turned, with Richter and Goethe, to the probing of his own soul in "Hyperion," and used romance as a means of freeing himself from personal passion. But his was not the temperament of a Werther. As in Goethe, the classical mood conquered, the transition being marked by the Faustian "Golden Legend," a theme which the German could compass, but which was too ambitious for the soul, if not the mind, of the American. Freed, however, from provincial pedantry, Longfellow could now cultivate the art which was inherently his. "His sensitive instinct," as Mr. Hatfield points out, "was for restraint, for tenderness." In the quiet shadows of Cambridge elms, he finally became master of the modest poetic gift with which he had been endowed.

Lowell, subject to almost identical influences, was unquestionably a greater man. The letters which Mr. Howe has assembled from a variety of sources give us an enlarged understanding of his life only because they are chiefly personal. The portrait which they paint is that of a man of wide and keen intellectual experience, a sensitive and humble acceptance of his fellows, and an unfailing creative approach to the problems of living and writing. The group of nearly two hundred and fifty letters to his daughter Mabel, or "Hopkins" as he called her, from which Mr. Howe has selected, are the most sensitive in spirit, the most revealing of the man, but those to Henry James, W. D. Howells, and others of his younger contemporaries, tell us most of his attitude toward life and art. "You are an artist, my dear boy," he wrote to James in 1886, "and I shan't trouble myself about whether you master your material or it masters you. 'Tis enough if there be mastery one way or t'other." The romantic spirit in him was confined to materials, for, he confesses, he likes to get in novels what he does not get in life, and he believed that "the art of good writing is to write, as it were a private letter to the Public"; but his classical spirit is revealed in his constant emphasis upon excellence, his shrewd interest in the exact meanings of words, and his belief in cultivation in all its forms. His broad policy as editor of *The Atlantic*, his early recognition of Howells, James, and Henry Adams, and his enduring respect and friendship for Emerson, must be remembered if we would think of him as a living force and a balance wheel in the literature of his place and time. He was much more than a repository for dead cultures and the inheritor of a decaying literary tradition.

But both Lowell and Longfellow were victimized by the morality of their day, and their esthetic views were colored by a Victorian restraint upon art, which was not born of art itself. "No," wrote Lowell, "I certainly do *not* believe in the value of any literature that renders the relation between the sexes more ticklish than nature has already made it, or which paints self-indulgence as nobler than self-restraint." The charge of respectability cannot easily be dismissed, but it need not be used, as it so often is by modern critics, as a reason for wholesale condemnation. The substitution of a conventional moral code for a more nearly absolute canon of ethical values was a mistake and a limitation, but it does not alter the fact that in the work of these two men the quest for art was granted the central place in life which it must have before a national literature can become something more than historical source material.

Hawthorne, however, as Mr. Stewart shows in his careful study of the American notebooks, was not caught in this dilemma as badly as most critics have assumed that he was. Far more of a conscious artist than either Lowell or Longfellow, he accepted humanity as he found it and devoted his life to the literary analysis and expression of its inner needs and conflicts. The traditional portrait of him is that of a soul weighted down by an inherited but partially rejected moral code, striving to escape from the actualities of life, and becoming lost in a misty mid-region between the real and the unreal. Hawthorne himself gives us ample evidence for this view. "By stepping aside for a moment," he once wrote, "a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever." But in accepting this interpretation of his work we lose sight of the consecrated artist in the shadow of the thwarted man. A consecrated artist Hawthorne undoubtedly was, and it is for this reason, and not because his introspections gave him spiritual pain, that he holds his place in our literature.

In editing Sophia Hawthorne out of the text, Mr. Stewart has been forced to make surprisingly few and simple restorations, but such as he has made are fraught with significance because they invariably lessen the emphasis upon respectability and increase that upon sincere esthetic consciousness. But even more important than the changes themselves is the interpretation which Mr. Stewart has put upon his findings. By tracing the sources of Hawthorne's ideas to his reading and experience, and then by following them through their first expression in the journal, their successive adaptations in the tales, and often their final forms in the romances, he has laid bare the methods of workmanship which Hawthorne used, and has revealed him as an artist more fully than has any previous critic. It would be futile to argue that Hawthorne was not at times entangled himself in the moral implications of the material which he studied so fully and so carefully, but we have now sufficient evidence to prove that his primary interest in moral problems lay in the complications which they present to human will, a purely esthetic approach, and not in their contributions toward an arbitrary rule of life. Hawthorne faced the life which he knew, the minds of his Puritan ancestors and their descendants, realistically and analytically. The restraints upon his art were imposed, for the most part, by that art itself and not by an inherited or conventional moral code. He emerges from this study as the conscious artist which Brownell, in his "American Prose Masters," and most later critics, with the possible exception of Henry Seidel Canby, in his "Classic Americans," failed to discover.

The chief significance of these three books, therefore, lies in the enlightened and modern contributions which they make to a slowly accumulating fund of knowledge about our elder writers. Without fantastic elaboration of pre-conceived theory, they demonstrate an art consciousness in the latter days of the early America, the product and the culminating expression of a civilization which had taken two centuries to mature. Our modern mind is derived from this civilization only in comparatively small part. The connection is scarcely more intimate than that between the mind of mid-nineteenth century America and that of eighteenth and early nineteenth century England. Both the older and the newer American literatures are derived from older cultures, and time must be allowed them for growth in new soil. There are many stages of growth before indigenous art consciousness makes a real national literature possible; but when we realize that our contemporary writers are at last becoming art conscious, we may perhaps hope for the future of our literature, granting that the civilization of the larger America remain stable for a few more generations.

*Robert E. Spiller, associate professor of English at Swarthmore College, is an able critic and historian of American literature, and an outstanding authority on James Fenimore Cooper.*

# Visual Elements of the Modern Theatre

*SETTINGS AND COSTUMES OF THE MODERN STAGE. New York: The Studio Publications.* 1933. $4.50.

THE Studio has shown good judgment in publishing this volume. Such a book should be, and is, almost entirely made up of illustrations. It is of real value in many ways. It is a cross-section of the visual element of the theatre of Europe and America today. It records the passing mood of our stage. In years to come it will be of inestimable value to historians of the day; students of the theatre may see and learn and discover much from studying these settings of the world theatre. There are some two hundred and fifty illustrations, which, with but a few exceptions, are representative and well selected, and admirably reproduced. Lee Simonson and Theodore Kommissarjefski have written descriptive forewords to the American and European sections.

The illustrations of the book, like the settings they represent, speak directly for themselves. It is reassuring to see such diversified activity in the theatre of today. Certainly this volume is the logical answer to those who stand aloof and say that our theatre is standing still.

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# The BOWLING GREEN

VICARIOUS NUN

TELL me,
I have urgent need to know,
My gallant, green-eyed Guenevere,
When Lancelot came riding by,
Did you hesitate, demur?
Were your thoughts at all platonic,
Did he prick impatient spur?
Did you don your birdskin jacket
Edged in scarlet miniver?
Were your pockets lined with kisses
Dipped in yellow-minted myrrh?
Tell me,
I have need to know,
My green-eyed Guenevere.

D. M. BEAVER.

* *

*Peter Greig, now the American representative of Hatch, Mansfield & Company, wine merchants of London, sends the Green the following:—*

GASTRONOMIC BOMB

Presumably in an effort to forecast what might be expected in the way of good food and drink, the New York *Times*, on the day that the licensing provisions of the Alcoholic Beverage Commission were made public, reported a number of interviews with the chefs of hotels and restaurants. One of these suggested the following menu:

Caviar—Vodka or aquavitte.
Potage Renaissance—Madeira.
Terrapin—Haut Sauterne.
Peas Paysanne.
Potatoes Macaire.
Canvasback duck a la presse—Champagne, Cliquot Brut, 1921.
Salad d'orange au grand marnier—Champagne.
Bombe Paline Sabayon—Champagne.
Cafe Brûlé.

Who but a hotel man would think of serving caviar, terrapin, canvasback, and a bombe on the same menu? (The *Times* printed it "bomb"—and a bomb it would doubtless prove in the wake of such richness.) And vodka with caviar! Surely a glass of old Amontillado or Oloroso lasting through the soup would be more pleasing as well as more wholesome, and no one who has enjoyed good Madeira after luncheon with a piece of plain cake would consider drinking it any other way. That Champagne with duck is popular I realize, but for my part give me a red wine, say a Burgundy of such well-balanced flavor as the Aloxe Corton 1926, or a Bordeaux as good as the 1924 Haut-Brion is proving to be. And then, if I must have that bombe, I'll take Chateau Yquem 1921 or 1924.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect example of the wrong way to dine. Hotel men seem unable to realize that plain food in moderation is the best basis for the enjoyment of good wines. In 1932 a dinner was given in London to accompany what M. André Simon has described as the finest collection of Margaux ever assembled. The menu consisted of hors d'œuvres, turbot, saddle of lamb, roast chicken, and a savory. As simple as that. Better a fried filet of flounder with a glass of good Chablis than all the caviar and terrapin that a glutton could eat in a year. Caviar, terrapin, canvasback, *and* a bombe! What this country will need is a good five-cent cathartic.

For years the speakeasies have sought to lure us with good cuisines so that we would buy their liquors. Now it appears that the leading hotels and restaurants plan to seduce our senses with excellent wines so that they may cram down our throats elaborate and indigestible food at exorbitant prices. We can allow ourselves to be lured by their Latour Blanche '25 and enticed by their Leoville '23; but in the name of good taste and for the sake of our digestions let us retain sufficient strength of mind to insist on reasonable fare.

The *Times* reporter who wrote the article containing the menu given above, in an ecstasy of understatement that only Woollcott could fully appreciate, suggested that it would test the palate of the gourmet. What such a meal would do to his palate I do not pretend to know; I only know that surely it would tickle his stomach to death.

PETER GREIG.

* *

VARIATION ON A CONFUCIAN THEME

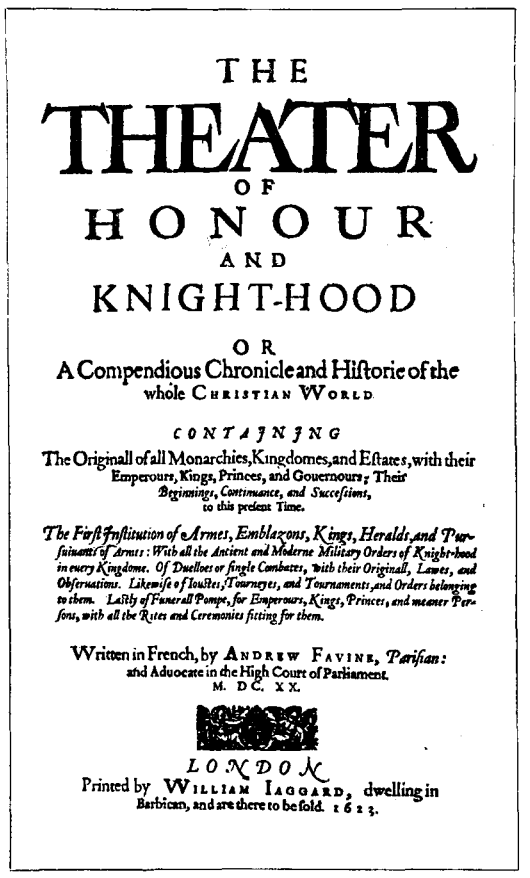
Because that Virtue is the daughter
Of mountains which she dwells upon,
And Wisdom, from far subtler matter,
Of sea and river is the son,
They lived as strangers to each other,
One skyey high, one deeps within,
Like and unlike as girl and brother
Who never can be proven kin.
Once, only once they met and tarried,
(So it is said—none else was there),
And met, they loved,—then blithely married
When the first fountain pierced the air.

HUGH WESTERN.

* *

BROTHER-IN-INK OF THE FIRST FOLIO

There doesn't happen to be a First Folio Shakespeare around the office, so I can't compare it with the volume before me. But I reproduce the title-page of the latter because it was printed by the publisher of the First Folio, and in the same year. It is now in the collection of W. S. H.



THE
THEATER
OF
HONOUR
AND
KNIGHT-HOOD
OR
A Compendious Chronicle and Hiſtorie of the whole CHRISTIAN WORLD

CONTAINING
The Originall of all Monarchies, Kingdomes, and Eſtates, with their Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Gouernours; Their Beginnings, Continuance, and Succeſſions, to this preſent Time.

The Firſt Inſtitution of Armes, Emblazons, Kings, Heralds and Purſuiuants of Armes: With all the Ancient and Moderne Military Orders of Knight-hood in euery Kingdome. Of Duelloes or ſingle Combates, with their Originall, Lawes, and Obſeruations. Likewiſe of Iouſtes, Tourneyes, and Tournaments, and Orders belonging to them. Laſtly of Funerall Pompe, for Emperours, Kings, Princes, and meaner Perſons, with all the Rites and Ceremonies fitting for them.

Written in French, by ANDREW FAVINE, Pariſian: and Aduocate in the High Court of Parliament.
M. DC. XX.

LONDON
Printed by WILLIAM IAGGARD, dwelling in Barbican, and are there to be ſold. 1623.

William Jaggard, who printed *The Theater of Honour and Knighthood*, died in that same year, 1623; so that on the title-page of the First Folio his name is succeeded by that of his son Isaak Jaggard (and a partner, Ed. Blount). But "W. Jaggard" still stands in the colophon of the work as obviously the Folio had been long in the print shop, was very likely made up and put to press in sections. Sir Edmund Chambers (*William Shakespeare* I, 139) mentions a theory that work on the Folio began as far back as 1621 and was held up from time to time by other jobs that Jaggard (very reasonably) considered more urgent and profitable.

The pleasure of *The Theater of Honour and Knighthood* therefore is that it was unquestionably in Jaggard's composing room at the same time as the First Folio, and more than likely was printed with some of the same types and on identical paper-stock. A seventeenth century printer would scarcely have enough type on hand to set up two such large volumes entire, simultaneously? *The Theater* should be collated with a *First Folio* to see if some of the letters and ornaments are not common to both; and the watermarks of the paper.

* *

GRANULES FROM AN HOUR-GLASS

Casuals of the Time that have given me pleasure in the beginning of a New Year: ☞Teaching a bartender how to make *Tom and Jerry*, noblest of cold weather inflammatories, to which I was introduced by Tom Daly at Green's Hotel in Philadelphia. Has Green's put back the china punch-bowl of *Tom and Jerry* mixings on the bar? Is the old painting of the race horse still there? Indeed, so absorbed does one grow in one's own fatalities one almost finds oneself asking, Is Philadelphia still there? We know she is, for Richard Gimbel writes us that she is about to dedicate the little old Edgar Allan Poe house as a permanent memorial. ☞A short story by Guy de Maupassant, *En Voyage*, in which the simplicity and tragic suggestion of the last two sentences are of overwhelming force. I think they can give you a thrill even if you don't know what they refer to:

*Elle ne pouvait plus parler, tant elle pleurait. Comme on changea de conversation pour la calmer, on ne sut pas ce qu'elle voulait dire.*

The genius of this is that the reader knows perfectly what the woman was trying to say. ☞I was delighted to see the observant Arthur Brisbane starting the New Year with a comment on Earle Vonard Weller's finely edited Keats—a condensation of Keats's letters into the form of a continuous autobiography. Since next week's issue of this *Review* will be dated January 20 (which is the Eve of St. Agnes) I will speak of it then. ☞Among the short writings which move me as strongly as De Maupassant and O. Henry are the annual summaries of the Neediest Cases as submitted by various charities to the New York *Times*. I always wonder if teachers of short story courses allude to them.

* *

☞Trying to see things with alien eyes, I thought that a visitor from far would surely think us a low-spirited and disconsolate people. In the subway train almost all the advertisements deal with dandruff, bad breath, sore throat, colds, pyorrhea, constipation, and chapped hands. ☞The Elizabethan age took a little dandruff and halitosis in its stride. ☞But the shrewd Advertising Men cunningly adapt their halloo to the audience. In a suburban train to White Plains, for instance, they expound not physical frailty but the temptations of larger living — e. g., Florida and Bermuda hotels, Navel Oranges, Chewing Gum, *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mayonnaise, Vanilla, and Tea. Also "Unadjusted Children" and "If You See a Crime, Call the Radio Police."☞No one has yet studied American Advertising to the depth of its queer philosophical suggestions; probably only Santayana could do it; it would kill him, though. ☞Perhaps the United States is an "unadjusted" nation; certainly the implication of Louis Adamic's powerful book *The Native Returns* (not out until February) is that perhaps imaginative America is deeply and unconsciously homesick for its mother (Europe). It is very interesting to pursue the same feeling in some brilliant poets—e. g., Archibald MacLeish. ☞Loving America as one does, one intends to go right on nagging, teasing, spoofing, and goosing her; it's good for her. ☞I was delighted by something a lady said in White Plains: speaking of her son who had lived in Germany as a child, she said that every now and then, in his German class in high school, he found "he knew something he hadn't learned."—That is the origin of all the arts; to increase the area of what we know without having learned it. ☞Even Oxford, I read, has been shaken by motor buses. Well, why not? ☞I perceive that I am about to be misunderstood. But one can't be misunderstood unless one has in mind something worth understanding.

☞The New American Literature, which was supposed to be born about 1912, has now attained its majority; it's 21 years old and might take on the duties of citizenship. In short, Act Grown Up. Literary people enjoy spoofing the manufacturers and industrialists, but I don't see that literary forms improve very much faster than (for instance) motor cars. We see automobiles actually changing shape under our very eyes. How about a little Knee Action and Airflow Bodies in literature? ☞In mechanics, the great mastodons (e.g., the locomotive) are doomed. Oversize ships and buildings are probably doomed? Liddell Hart in last week's *Review* suggested (hopeful thought) that the great armies are doomed by their sheer mass and immobility. Perhaps the great cities are doomed by their excessive complexity? After a sudden snowstorm they can't collect their own garbage. ☞All these questions are in the highest degree exciting and man, in the coming years, must Think Fast. For people like myself, who think slowly and timidly, it's going to be difficult. If I were a typefounder I would manufacture, and keep in stock, a large supply of question marks. ☞It seems to me that President Roosevelt is very shrewd in not being too definite in announcing the details of his program. Government is not like plane geometry where you can state a proposition and prove it. Government is non-Euclidean.

* *

☞Among chance readings I was pleased by a passage in a booklet about Pojodag House, a sort of college of mysticism founded by May Benzenberg Mayer:

> You may begin by the daily reclaiming of an hour from the material absorption of things and routine acts. At such times sit down quietly, alone, and guarded against interruption. Cease thinking of material things, or even needs, and let the vibratory paroxysms of emotions and thoughts that are shaking your being subside. You may be wholly unaware of these until you have tried to sit quietly, in company only with yourself. Many have said in these first experiences, "I never dreamed I was so noisy," or "Why I am twitching all over, inside a the temptation "busy." Learn t This is a first s the self.

☞And thrilled to come again upon my old copy of Stella Benson's deep, tragic and furiously laughing fantasy *This Is The End* (published 1917). In it you will find such enigmas as this:

> Call no man foe, but never love a stranger.
> Build up no plan, nor any star pursue.
> Go forth with crowds; in loneliness is danger.
> Thus nothing Fate can send,
> And nothing Fate can do
> Shall pierce your peace, my friend.

☞But a philosopher can always wait for bedtime with confidence if he knows he has a detective story to read. ☞As we have said before, De Quincey's description of Kant preparing himself for bed is one of the things to be read. ☞One thing we shall try to be careful of this year is Overstatement. We had a sorry twinge when we read in a news magazine lately that Gandhi "writhed in embarrassment" over some escapades of a young woman disciple. That, we think, was overstatement. Gandhi does not look to us like one subject to writhing. ☞But I reserve the privilege always of changing my mind. If America feels like Overstating, let her Overstate. Perhaps it's her destiny, and her charm.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A Berlin correspondent of an English journal writing of the German poet, Stefan George, who died last month, says: "Although George never took any part in political life he is said to have counted himself as one of the spiritual ancestry of the new national movement—a view which the German Press confirms by hailing him as the Priest, Poet and Prophet of National Socialism. Stefan George always lived aloof from public life. Several years ago he declined to become a member of the Prussian Academy of Letters. In 1927 he received the Goethe Prize created by the city of Frankfurt-on-Main."

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# The Sources of "Anthony Adverse"

(*Continued from first page*)

when he was talking to various people in the dream scene in which I met him. I could tell what kind of person he was from the kind of room he lived in. But that room was at first in Florence, and that troubled me. For I could not understand just what an old Scotch Jacobite was doing in Florence during what seemed to be the days of the reign of the last of the Medici dukes. It did not fit historically. Yet I kept on trying to explain it to myself.

Then I had an argument with a British Colonial official one night at dinner at his home in Bermuda and was told I should at least read the life of Nelson if I intended to be dogmatic about the British Navy.

I took the hint and did so—and that, I think, is how "Anthony Adverse" really came to be written.

In the life of Nelson I read how he had evacuated the English from Leghorn, or Livorno, during the Napoleonic wars "where there were then many English factories and Scotch merchants of sorts." That, as I recall it, was the phrase that, as it were, "pulled the trigger."

For I saw instantly that Mr. Bonnyfeather had not lived at Florence at all but at Leghorn, and without any further trouble I instantly saw just why he lived there. I understood most of his life history. And that story, the first incident completed for the book, is the one Mr. Bonnyfeather tells Anthony in Chapter Fifteen.

It was not plain to me yet, however, how the orphan, whom, according to my plan, Mr. Bonnyfeather was to "father," had got into the old Scotchman's house. I had to invent the reasons for that. I felt sure that once I could get my hero, as yet unnamed, into the old Scotchman's house, I should have him under the influence which would make his character and out of that nucleus the whole story would grow.

In order to bring about this meeting I invented the whole first book of the novel which contains the story of Anthony's conception and birth.

By this time I was already beginning to work with a rather careful chronology and I found that my young orphan was left at the Convent on St. Anthony's day. That is actually why I gave him the name of Anthony. I had no idea for some time what his last name was to be. I determined to let the story find that out for itself. For the tale had by this time begun to captivate me, and I was already beginning to look forward into Anthony's life and to foresee some of his adventures.

Little of this, of course, had been written down. Some of it was in the form of a few notes and character sketches on paper. The narrative-thread, unfinished, remained wholly in my mind. But I had begun to know some of my people and I had started Anthony growing up.

I then wrote a sketchy chapter about the life of the child at the convent, which was a decided flop. But I consoled myself by going on and trying to reconstruct the life at the Casa da Bonnyfeather in Leghorn, with which I succeeded better. Whenever Mr. Bonnyfeather appeared all seemed to go well. I could see his house quite plainly. I used his room as I had first imagined it. I built the rest of the house around it, and the people, and began to read on Leghorn.

I read the history of the city. I got some old maps of the place and two old prints showing the water front. I obtained an Italian book by one Francesco Pera called "Curiosita Livornesi Medite o Rare" in which there was a mine of information biographical, literary, and historical, as well as many curious anecdotes and traditions. I had to labor over this with a dictionary because I do not speak Italian. But I culled several bits of information, some of them humorous, and I persisted also with another Italian book called "Epilogo Alfabitico dei Livornesi." Then I found a veritable mint of information where no laborious translation was necessary: "Livorno, con 149 Illustrazioni." This gave me a new idea as to the gathering of material for an historical novel and from then on I depended, whenever I could obtain them, upon contemporary pictures and prints. Before the book was finished, years later, I had seen or examined hundreds of old prints.

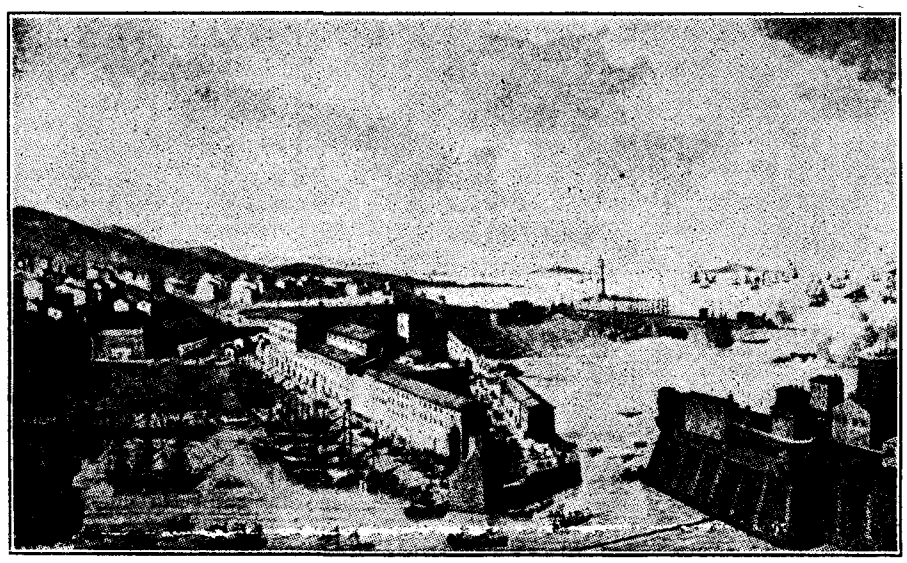
When the story again began to occur to me almost a year had passed. Meanwhile, I had been doing a great deal of reading. I read mostly at night, generally all night, and with complete absorption. Morning is always a surprise to me. I sometimes go through two fair-sized books in a night.

When I went to Bermuda in the autumn of 1927 I took with me several thousand volumes. Among them was a chest of old books that had come to me as a legacy from a great-uncle, one William Hervey Allen, a steamboat captain, who for years made the run regularly from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. He not only commanded but also owned the steamships *Norma* and *New Hampshire*. Both he and his younger brother, George Allen, kept voluminous diaries, several volumes of which I have. They are beautifully bound and full of drawings and sketches, and abound with personal incident, anecdotes, and amusing biographical sketches of passengers and friends at various cities and plantation landings from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

These diaries, which are now being edited by my sister, Mrs. Helen Hunt, constitute in an intimate but not explicit way the general background for much of the feeling of the age in "Anthony Adverse." Through them I attained that sense of the importance of the city of New Orleans and of the Great River Valley of which it was the atmosphere was the same. I began vaguely to project a river story about New Orleans, and then my old story of the boy Anthony began to recur to me strongly.

I determined to bring him to New Orleans. It then occurred to me that in my great-uncle's chest was probably the material for much of the later life of my hero, who would, since he was born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, live on well into the nineteenth.

I now began for the first time to read deliberately for the purpose of gathering material and with my own story in mind. I found among other books my uncle had collected Kendall's "Santa Fé Expedition." From that I drew, introducing considerable differences and details from a great number of other books, principally histories of the southwestern states and histories of Spain and New Mexico — all standard texts and available to anybody who can use a card index—the material used in the novel from Chapter Sixty-five on. For this section of the book I should also name as general sources General Pike's report to the War Department of his expedition in the Southwest. There are various versions of this. And a well-known piece of Americana called "Commerce of the Prairies" and the diary of my own grandfather, Colonel Edward Jay Allen, who crossed the plains at an early date.



THE HARBOR AT LEGHORN, 1796

*A contemporary engraving, from Beresford's "Life of Nelson."*

"the head and capital," which feeling penetrates the ninth book of the novel.

In tracing literary sources too much stress is always put upon some particular incident that can be quoted and explicitly pointed out as having been suggested by one author to another. The sources to which one is really most indebted are those which give one a general grasp of the "time feeling" and a knowledge of how and why men acted and the fashion of manners that they employed at any given epoch. In that respect I must name as vital in the case of "Anthony Adverse" the diaries of my great-uncles.

My uncle's chest had not been opened for many years. All told there were nearly three hundred books with the remains of the "library" of the steamship *Norma*. I read them all with avidity; with nothing in mind but the pleasure of doing so and the personal contact it gave me with my great-uncle William whose notes filled many a margin. Many of these volumes were also annotated by passengers on the ship, in some cases by the authors of the books themselves, who had presented them to the captain en route. The books ranged from early American editions of Keats and other poets English and American through all kinds of obscure biographies and autobiographies of American and foreign travellers of the early nineteenth century. A number of these were books printed by local presses along the route. Among them was a "Life of Harman Blennerhasset" issued at Cincinnati, and a number of books about Burr and his trial and his great conspiracy. I used them to some extent in the little section of the novel called "The Odyssey of Mrs. Udney," page 1116. About the same time that I was reading these books of my uncle, many of which dealt with New Orleans, I was led to reread Lafcadio Hearn's sketches of New Orleans which were first published in the newspapers of that city. These, it is true, dealt with a later period of the city, but From all this data I used in particular the prison scene in Mexico City from the Santa Fé Expedition and the descriptions of early El Paso before the American occupation. The incident of the sled-riding grizzly bear came from a magazine article on grizzlies which I now cannot trace but distinctly remember. Many of the later scenes in the novel which take place at La Luz were provided from stories related to me by a Mrs. Sutherland of El Paso, Texas, who a good many years ago had lived at La Luz and was familiar with the strange sect of the Penitentes. I also read a good deal of the literature about them. In fact, I became thoroughly acquainted with Penitentes. The incident of the kettle mending on page 1217 was provided by Mrs. Sutherland. The last scenes of the novel take place on a mountain not far from El Paso, now called Cloud Croft, and well known to the people of that city. I visited it myself, and it must be remembered of all this south-western section depicted in the later pages of "Anthony Adverse" that I am personally familiar with it from my army experience on the Mexican border in 1916. I actually walked over much of the trail covered by Anthony.

It was thus that I now had the beginning and the end of my story thoroughly in mind. In mind, for very little of this was actually set down. I made a few notes and kept on collecting my narrative mentally.

But I had now come to several important conclusions about my story. I could see that in the first book of Anthony's birth I had a prelude. I had the end of my story in America. I then composed and actually wrote the epilogue almost as it now stands, for I had come to realize that my hero was to be a wanderer whose experience would cover several continents and I began also to realize him as a kind of epitome of the early American man whose origins were European and whose later life was lived in America after immigration.

And I also saw that all the men of the time were enthralled by business and that if I was going to give a true picture of the era I must involve my hero thoroughly in worldly affairs. For that purpose I went to the library and did my first piece of deliberate research. I read, in order to get a general glimpse of the epoch, a series of trade reports, piles of newspapers, and year books from before the American Revolution to about 1842. I got the general grasp of the main economic trends of the early nineteenth century as seen by contemporary newspaper comment. I let the theorists alone.

The immense role of Napoleon in the economic history of the era was, of course, all along apparent. I felt inclined to involve my hero in Continental affairs and to take him to Paris near Napoleon. As the personification of thought in action, of the word "go" of which so much is made in the novel, I began to see Napoleon playing an important part in my story. He was to be the personification of the spirit of energy in the Occident, but as yet I was at a loss how to motivate my story to get Anthony to Paris. I continued my reading on various visits to America and began to buy reference books with my story in mind. Later, while I was writing the novel, I came across a portrait and part of the story of Mlle. Georges, the mistress of Napoleon, in Herbert Gorman's "The Incredible Marquis." That first gave me the idea of having Angela turn up in Paris as Mlle. Georges and provided the impulse for much of the Parisian interlude.

Of my reading about this time I find the following notes: "Memoirs of William Hickey"; "The Diary of the Rt. Honourable William Windham"; "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," by Bourrienne, his secretary; "Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains, ou Dictionnaire historique et raisonné de tous les hommes qui, depuis la Révolution Française, ont acquis de la célébrité," Paris 1820. Ouvrard, whose history fascinated me, finally led me to Spain. I had also become aware of the great role played by the house of Baring in the affairs of those days and I read practically all the biographical material connected with the members of that remarkable family.

The correspondence of Alexander Baring, later Lord Ashburton, led me by chance to the diary of the son of the Swiss banker Gallatin, Secretary of the United States Treasury. This is a charming diary and from the character of young Gallatin was suggested the temperament with which I wished to endow Anthony.

From a portrait published in the "Memoirs of William Hickey," that of a certain Mr. Potts I think, I found the physical type I wished my hero to have.

I also note the following bits of reading: five or six volumes in theology, the "Ante-Nicene," "Nicene," and "Post-Nicene Fathers"; "Studies of Aryanism," by one Gwatkin, M. A.; "The Education of Henry Adams"; "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres"; hymn written to the Virgin by Henry Adams shortly before he died.

From all these, in some curious way, came the idea of the Madonna, who, be it said, is not to be found in any museum as so many of my correspondents have inferred. I also read a whole shelf of volumes called the "Annual Biography and Obituary," London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown of Paternoster Row. It begins in 1817 and continues on into a delightful infinity of time and persons. Also a pamphlet by Sir Francis Baring, "Observations on the Establishment of the Bank of England," London, 1797.

From all this material a good many things in the novel were later projected: Anthony's letters from London in Chapter Fifty-seven; part of the material about the House of Baring; the death of Anthony's wife at New Orleans. This tragedy had a double background. It was suggested to me by the great fire in the "Saga of Burnt Nial."

In two old books which I found in my uncle's collection—"Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres," and "Captain Canot: or Twenty Years of an African Slaver"—I found a double thread of experience which covered the period I was working in and which provided the suggestion for one of my principal characters, Vincent Nolte.

I was first led to read Vincent Nolte's book from the fact that it began in Leg-

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horn, upon which I had already assembled so much material. The great banking scheme upon which Nolte was engaged, bringing silver from Mexico through the United States and reshipping it to Napoleon, provided the material for the connecting link in my plot between Europe and America, and the same was true of Canot's slaving enterprise. *I combined the two stories in their main outlines* as a part of my narrative covering that portion of my hero's life from the time he left Italy until he got to Spain. The idea of taking him to New Orleans had already occurred to me. I found that Nolte's banking scheme would also serve to motivate that.

I was now at a crucial point in my story, none of which was really written down. It was as yet nothing but a dream. But I had a vast amount of material and the outline of a rather vague and wandering narrative which seemed to have about it a strange degree of vigor whose possibilities I was sure I had not yet tapped.

For I did not as yet really see what the story was "about." It was just a sort of composite biographical plot drawn from hundreds of sources,—I have named only a few here—that might provide a rope of narrative upon which to hang a series of loosely constructed incidents.

I then sat down, in May, 1929, and wrote out only the narrative of the story. Then I began to think over just how I would poise the whole book—what angle I would give it.

Three things became evident: First, I must have a well-integrated and complex plot by which to shape the enormous amount of material that constantly kept swarming into the narrative, for my mind was now working at great speed and concentration. Second, I must so poise or slant this story as to give it an acceptable and if possible valuable—shall I call it "philosophical"?—message to a modern audience. And third, I must make it, if possible, reasonably acceptable to the best critical thinking of my own time. Without a very distinct scheme which would serve to compress and shape the rather amorphous story of my hero's life as I had first conceived it in sheer narrative, I saw I should be lost.

I, therefore, invented the following scheme. It was rather arbitrary but it worked. In looking over my narrative I thought I saw three main themes running through it. I rearranged it on that basis. Then I took the hint of "three" and projected it further. I so planned my story as to write it on the basis of what I called "three times three." There were to be three novels, three books in each novel, and three themes running through the entire work. I also determined to present the development of each one of these three themes in three separate bits of imagery at crucial points in my hero's life on the basis that the arrangement of three gave me the chance to treat each theme with a beginning, a climax, and an end. The three various themes that ran through the book I called: The Vision of Light; the religious, or ethical, or philosophical theme, mystical if you will, shadowed forth by the Madonna; the Dionysian theme of the eating and drinking, the lusting and loving and hating, which, in contrast to the Madonna or spiritual theme, represented the things of the flesh and the lure of the world.

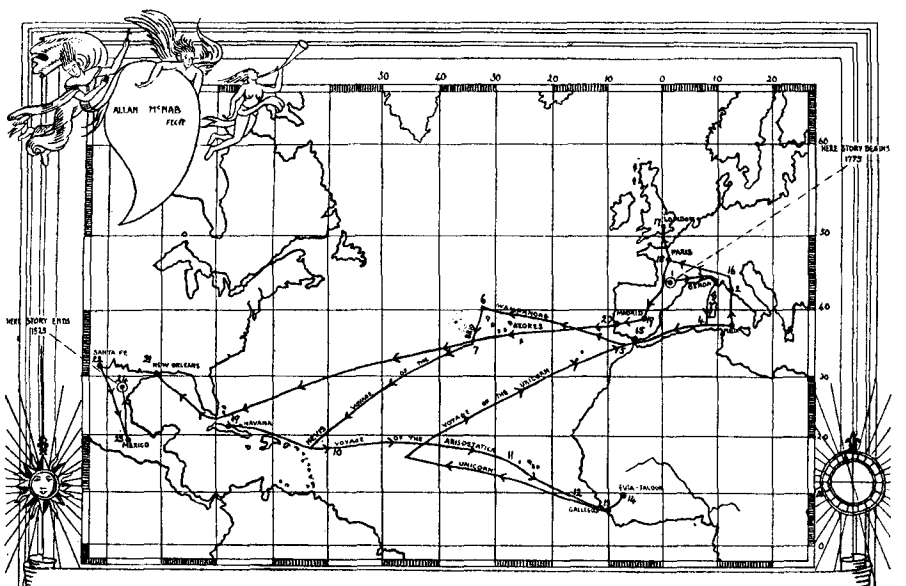
When I had once evolved this scheme and applied it to my material, the results were almost magical. The whole narrative resolved itself into a genuine new entity with shape and meaning. I saw the inherent slant of it. I began to envisage Anthony as a more universal type as well as an individual. I saw that my big story was not really romantic but rather classical in that it subordinated the individual to the whole. And I also found that it divided itself, under a logical plot treatment, into rather precise periods of a given length: to wit, "nine books." With my story now thoroughly ordered, I began to see the interplay of the characters who had already entered into it. And out of this interplay of personalities and events a great number of other characters developed themselves. I was now ready to sit down and actually begin to write the book. I had my narrative and critical abstract completely drawn out and set down on paper. In other words, I "knew" the story. I knew most of my people, and I felt the pressure of a thousand incidents constantly arising.

Something quite personal to the author, but also in a curious way vital to the book, now occurred. I was taken extremely ill and underwent an all but fatal operation. It took me weeks to recover, but in that time of quiet convalescence I had the complete leisure thoroughly to realize my story in all its details and meanings. I also had the time to consider whether it was really worth while to me. I felt an honest conviction that it was; that it might possibly, if I could ever finish it, mean a great deal to many people.

I emerged from the hospital prepared to face the labor of composition, determined

INSPECTION AND SALE OF A NEGRO

*From the 1854 edition of "Captain Canot: or Twenty Years of an African Slaver."*



THE WANDERINGS OF ANTHONY ADVERSE

*LEGEND:*

1. *Auvergne and the Chateau de Besance, The Coach, Don Luiz, Maria, Denis and the little Madonna. An affair of the heart, an affair of honor, a death and birth.*
2. *Livorno, the Convent of Jesus the Child, and the Casa da Bonnyfeather. An orphan grows up. General Bonaparte.*
3. *Genoa, the Stable of the Sun, the Villa Brignole, Father Xavier, and the Street of Image Makers.*
4. *Cape Carthage, Captain Jorham turns the* Wampanoag *west.*
5. *The Pillars of Hercules, Juan releases the swallow and Anthony takes charge of the* Wampanoag.
6. *The Azores, the* Wampanoag *turns south for the trades.*
7. *Captain Jorham lays the seed of a miracle. The ghost of Mrs. Jorham's doll comes aboard. The satellite of Jupiter immerses.*
8. *Nevis rises out of the mist.*
9. *Havana, the House of Silenus, A miracle occurs. Dolores de la Fuentes, and the great slave deal.*
10. -11. *The Voyage of the* Ariostatica *mutiny, Brother François, yellow fever, and Old Faithful, the shark.*
11. *Anthony takes over the schooner during a squall.*
12. *The crew, the boy, and the shark.*
13. *Gallegos, the slaving establishment on the Rio Pongo. A whiff of grapeshot. Slaves, Mistress Neleta, an Arab caravan. The Vision of Light, crocodiles, and a witch doctor. Fever.*
14. *Futa-Jaloon, Anthony wrestles with an angel. An Arab sojourn, a forest Calvary, Captain Bittern and the* Unicorn.
15. *Anthony returns to Europe, Gibraltar, Don Luiz, and old friends.*
16. *A runaway, Signore Peralti and a stolen watch, Over the Alps to Paris.*
17. *London, and a legacy.*
18. *Paris, Angela and the necklace of Josephine, An American friend, Napoleon, bankers, and the Spanish subsidy.*
19. *Silver dollars, Godoy, Prince of Peace, the ghost of an old love.*
20. *Lisbon, and the festival of the Madonna.*
20-21. *Voyage to New Orleans.*
21. *Imported treasure. The house by the bayou, Fire by night, a snake changes its skin.*
21-22. *The staked plains and the solitary wanderer.*
22. *Santa Fe. Don Luiz settles an old score.*
22-23. *The prisoners march over the desert.*
23. *Mexico City, the Prison of St. Lazarus, and Dolores.*
24. *The village above the clouds, peace, cold steel and the tree falls.*

to carry it through, and to leave behind me if possible a book that would have in it some of the richness and beauty, the enormous complexity, and yet something of the great and simple principles upon which I conceived life to be conducted. Above all, I desired to reassert some of the prime values which I had found in life.

Since these notes on the composition of the book are written after the event of publication, and may therefore have the appearance of an afterthought, I wish at this time to point out that this entire scheme for "Anthony Adverse" and the narrative of the plot were placed in the hands of my publishers four years before the book was completed. That scheme as then outlined was departed from only in a few minor particulars. The novel was to have been delivered in two years. Its composition required four.

Considerable discussion has arisen as to my use of certain material suggested above, namely, the book by Vincent Nolte and "Captain Canot: or Twenty Years of an African Slaver." I shall answer that directly now.

In the first place, all the "fury" of discovery over the Nolte book is ridiculous. Vincent Nolte is one of the main characters in my novel. I have used ideas and facts from his book freely, which I had a perfect right to do. It is in the public domain and has been well known for years. Copies of it have been a drug on the old book market. There was nothing to prevent my publishing whole extracts verbatim from it if I had so desired. But I did not do so. In fact, in all of "Anthony Adverse" there are only a few phrases quoted directly from Nolte's book or from any other book. The main thing which I did use from Nolte's "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres" was the outline of the story of the great financial plot in which Vincent was engaged. But even this in the novel *is not at all as related by Vincent Nolte.*

In fact, I soon discovered that for his own reasons Nolte in his autobiography—it is not a novel—was not to be relied upon as to what actually happened. The truth is, he was an old gossip who told his personal story with an unavoidable personal bias in favor of Nolte.

It was, therefore, necessary for me to restudy the banking operations of the entire Napoleonic era, to delve into the personal story of Ouvrard and his relations with the court of Spain and the French Empire, to dig into the history of the House of Rothschild, and to reassemble the material I had already gone over in regard to the Barings. In short, with infinite trouble and patience it was necessary thoroughly to familiarize myself with the whole economic history of the Napoleonic era. The truth, the story of what really happened, is enormously different from the small personal glimpse of the particular scheme in which Nolte, the real Nolte, was engaged only as a clerk or factor and as a very small cog in a big wheel. For his services he was later on given a pittance by the Barings and turned loose.

The real story of his later life is a painful one, full of poverty and failure, of desperate little shifts and rather shady enterprises. In real life he was an unimportant, enormously conceited, and quite a self-important man. Yet withal lovable I think, and with pleasant traits. Audubon in his diary mentions meeting him, and there exist some letters between Vincent Nolte and Lafayette.

Now in the novel I used neither the story of the Mexican financial venture as given by Nolte nor that of actual history. I used one which suited my own needs. It was a sort of combination of Nolte's story with what actually happened plus certain additions and vital changes of my own to suit the story I was telling. The whole date of the financial scheme was shifted back several years. The importance of Ouvrard as the originator of the whole was given due prominence and the entire French and Spanish sections of the novel grew out of that. For the Spanish section alone I read fifty or sixty books dealing with the reign of Charles IV, and a host of others about Spain. I shall name only a few of them later. With all of this Nolte had little to do. Indeed, his use, so far as my writing was concerned, was to put me on to a great deal of material that [illegible]

Part of the apparent [illegible] Nolte's book with "[illegible] arises undoubtedly from [illegible] cent Nolte" appears as [illegible] thony Adverse in my novel. But the Vincent Nolte of my novel is *not* the Vincent Nolte of the autobiography. He is, in all but a few minor characteristics, an entirely different person. And I should like to make the point here that in the novel Vincent is a much finer, a more capable, loyal, and cultured type than his own memoirs indicate. In fact, I entirely, or almost entirely, discarded the life story of the real Vincent and presented him as a new man that I created myself with a larger role, a more ample stage in places other than those in which he actually appeared, and a more profound grasp of life. In short, except for a few minor incidents, I recreated him. The same is true of Ouvrard. I used some incidents from his true story, mostly financial, and recreated him as a character and as a type. In fact, I used Ouvrard (my character) to satirize certain types of modern bankers. I wish to insist upon this as the true test of how a novelist is using his material. It is of no use to point out that this and that incident is taken from Nolte or this and that person. Yes, the incident is taken occasionally, but it is always entirely reshaped. If a name is used, a new character is created to fit it.

Nolte mentions the fact that a Mr. Udney was British Consul at Leghorn. Out of that mere mention I developed the whole Udney family, with the complete story of Florence, Anthony's wife, the complicated character of her mother, and the story of Florence's first marriage to David Parish, which is all pure fiction. Parish himself is out of the whole cloth, except for one or two incidents. The real David Parish returned to Europe and later drowned himself in the Danube, after becoming involved in a contest with the Rothschilds. My David Parish dies of heart disease on the Ohio while on a purely imaginary quest, married to a woman who never existed. The whole French incident, in which the imaginary Nolte figures so largely at the House of the Wolf

(*Continued on following page*)

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## The Sources of "Anthony Adverse"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in Paris, is absolutely imaginary. The real Nolte had no such experiences whatever. The House of the Wolf was suggested by a paragraph in Lucas's "A Wanderer in Paris," that mentions a similar place, and much of the rest of the incidents at Paris came from material on the life of Talleyrand or from data on the Rothschilds. I might also add that the character of the Rothschild partner given in the novel is largely imaginary. A few facts are elaborated upon. In all this kind of thing it would be wise if those who insist upon pointing out parallels between a novel and its sources should also be requested to mention the differences. I wish I could also convey the fact, in some way, that Dr. Terry Mitchell never existed. The several persons in both New Orleans and Philadelphia who think they are living in houses connected with him are mistaken. Neither did Edward Livingston of New Orleans come out of Nolte. He was a famous New Orleans character of the early days. The amount of material covered in my study of early New Orleans days precludes giving it in detail unless in a separate article. There again I was not following Nolte. Nor does Anthony's experience in New Orleans at all correspond to that of the real Vincent Nolte's. Not only are they not identical; they are enormously dissimilar. I should also like to add that all the letters in the novel were written by me. There is not even one sentence quoted from anywhere. Those who complain that I have in certain instances merged imaginary and historical characters as in the case of Angela and Mlle. Georges have no real complaint. Why pick on me? Dumas, Cooper, Scott, a thousand novelists have done just that. It is a device of fiction. If people are fooled by it that proves that it is effective. For one aim of a novel *is* to project a fictitious character as real.

Another small controversy has arisen over the fact that a considerable portion of the material used in the African section of "Anthony Adverse" was drawn from "Captain Canot: or Twenty Years of an African Slaver." That is true. What of it? The material I used was entirely reshaped. This book is also in the public domain. It has long been known as a source book for the history of slavery on the West Coast of Africa and was recently republished. It has been used extensively, far more extensively than I used it, for writing the history of Liberia and the West Coast. I took some names, incidents, and considerable local atmosphere from it. Nor did I paraphrase. For instance, Canot mentions that at Regla in Havana lived a grocer by the name of Carlo Cibo who was a friend of his. He gives a few lines about him. Turn to Chapter Twenty-nine of the novel and you will see what has happened.

The same is true of the African incidents and the life about Gallegos which I created with the characters who lived there. It is a complete novel in itself. And I ask, what resemblance after all does it bear to Canot's story? An extremely remote one. About the same relation that the early chapters of "Henry Esmond" bear to Thackeray's source material.

Furthermore, Canot was *not* the principal source of my material for the African adventure in "Anthony Adverse." The book I used persistently for facts and background is "Liberia," by Sir Harry Johnston, with an appendix on the flora of Liberia by Dr. Otto Staff, with 28 colored illustrations by Sir Harry Johnston, 24 botanical drawings by Miss Matilda Smith, 402 black and white illustrations from the author's drawings and from photographs by the author and others, 22 maps by Mr J. W. Addison, Capt. H. T. Pearson, and others. 2 vols. London. Hutchinson. 1906.

Whether or not this provides a more fertile source of material than Canot I leave to anyone who cares to compare the two books. Nor was this all. I used "Wanderings in West Africa," by Richard Burton: "An Essay on Colonization Particularly Applied to the West Coast of Africa," by C. B. Wadström, London 1794; also "The African Republic of Liberia and the Belgian Congo," based on the observations made and material collected during the Harvard African expedition 1926-1927, which appeared while I was writing the novel, I think. I also referred frequently to a book called "A Transformed Colony, Sierra Leone," by T. J. Alldridge, London 1910, and of course to "The Golden Bough" for a general slant on the use of magic on the West Coast. Nor does this exhaust the books on Africa that I turned to. I made pages and pages of notes on African tribes and languages, on the flora and fauna, on the climate, and even on the prevailing winds. Altogether I must have consulted fifty or sixty books for the African background, and I repeat that to single out Canot as the only source or even the main source of the African adventure is simply to be mistaken. There was no more reason why I should give "credit" to him than to a lot of other books. And what would the reader have thought if a whole mass of technical references to source material or notes as to where I learned this or that fact had been printed in the novel? Also what possible harm can this use of material in my novel do to Canot's book or to anyone else's? I was not using any plots or stories created by anybody. I was supplying myself from the domain of history, biography, and technical literature with certain facts to fit into the background of a romance. Every novelist has done this since novels began. Is Defoe to be condemned because he used the narrative of Alexander Selkirk in "Robinson Crusoe"? If so, the writing of fiction is at an end.

For those curious about the Spanish section of the novel there still remains the discovery that I used quite extensively certain incidents from Théophile Gautier's "A Wanderer in Spain" and another famous book about Gypsies in Spain, which is well known to all those who read anything at all about Spain. I read the memoirs of Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, and used some incidents out of that, and a book about Spanish court etiquette, whose title I forget, and for a large part of the particulars about inns, streets, types of people, and remote and curious places I used a really great book, one that deserves to be much better known than it is, one from which the whole history of Spain can be drawn if one desires to do so. This is a "Guide Book to Spain" in two volumes, written during the early nineteenth century by an English don, one Mr. Richard Ford of humor whimsical and learning prodigious. Indeed, I was so captivated by Mr. Ford and his works that I not only used the material from his guide book to guide me, but I put Mr. Ford himself right into my novel together with the gentleman to whom he dedicated his guide book. And you will find them both introduced on page 1007. The fact that they were really mere boys in England when the incident of meeting Anthony at Burgos is supposed to have occurred is irrelevant and immaterial. It is as purely fictitious as the fishing expedition on which they go with Ouvrard and catch trout with an artificial worm made out of ravellings from the banker's stocking. The woman who was nursing the pig at her breast came out of Gautier, I think. But then most of the Spanish women in "Anthony Adverse," including Neleta and Dolores, came out of Havelock Ellis who has an interesting study on Spanish female types in his book, "The Soul of Spain."

Last but not least, in fact the biggest "steal" of all, is the quotation from Rabelais, on page 28, from which the whole plot is taken! The dirge which the nuns sing as they leave New Orleans is a Latin version of one of the psalms. I took it from a Roman Catholic hymn book. Yes, sir, I printed it verbatim, and it was hard to get the printer to do it. The gentleman who recently asked me to give him the music to this "folk song" to dance to will, I am afraid, be disappointed.

Indeed, I am afraid that with a novel like "Anthony Adverse" there will never be an end of this clamor by the "discoverers" of the sources from which it was taken. I am awaiting the appearance of some Columbus among the infinite readers of Dickens who will rush forth into print with proof absolute that I have used Dickens's "Notes on Italy" for part of my material. Isn't the Villa Brignole at Genoa the very villa in which Dickens lived and wrote many of his notes? It is, my dear sir; go to the head of the class. And then, there are also all those other books on Italy which can be discovered one by one. There is "Old Etruria and Modern Tuscany," by Mary Lovett Cameron, and there is "Life in Tuscany," by Mabel S. Crawford, and "Florence and Northern Tuscany, with Genoa," by Edward Hutton, and "Le Royaume d'Etrurie" (1801-1807), by Paul Marmottan, and for the English section there is Armstrong's "Actual Survey of the Great Post Road between London and Dover," scale ½ inch to the mile, London, 1777. I used that a lot. And there is also "A Century of Swiss Alpine Coaches" issued, I think, by the Swiss post office authorities. And for the first part of the novel there are "Les Bulletins historique de l'Auvergne," and "Essai sur la géographie de l'Auvergne," by Leon Gobin—and a thousand more!

But I have forgotten to mention that great standby, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and a hundred and one maps, and all the books about Napoleon, and the Court Memoirs of the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, to say nothing of a careful little research into the life of Robespierre, the books on the different Roman Catholic orders that I read, Jesuits, Franciscans, and all the rest, and the legends about the Heavenly Twins.

Indeed, I admit I cannot remember them all. I shall simply have to leave them to be "discovered" by my readers, who have already discovered so much about everything under the sun in "Anthony Adverse."

To the thousands of the public who have enjoyed "Anthony Adverse" as a novel, the best that the author could turn out under the circumstances in which he found himself, I wish to extend my gratitude. To the comparatively few who have found their principal enjoyment in the book as something to be dissected for the purpose of historical research, I extend my sympathy, and regret that their pleasure in literature is confined to curiosity. To the insignificant number who regard the ordinary processes of the writing of historical fiction as merely so much "second-story" work, I can only beg leave to part from them with the observation that they are confused in general and therefore wrong in particular.

Gertrude Stein Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas
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*Vardis Fisher*

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

### The Countryman

WHEN *Henry Williamson* was last in this country I remember his speaking to the Editor-in-Chief of this periodical about a curious, but stoutish little magazine published in England, called *The Countryman*. Every quarter it drifts into this office, and *Dr. Canby*, who can himself do such delightful writing about the American countryside, is one of its greatest American admirers. As he has said to me, English life is rooted in the English country, in the land. Here in the United States there seems to be a much sharper line drawn between city-dwellers and those who like rural life. But in England the cities are, so to speak, suburbs of the country, in spite of all the industrial life in the north. You have never really lived in England if you have not lived at some time somewhere in the countryside. *The Countryman* can expatiate upon "Gyro-Tillering and the Disc Plough" in its "Farm Letters," discuss "The New Inn-Keeping," and run a series on "Novelists' Own Cottages" by *Sylvia Townsend Warner, H. E. Bates, Hugh Walpole,* and others. The fat little periodical carries plenty of advertisements, many of them distinctly urban. It is subtitled "A Quarterly Non-Party Review and Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry," and is edited and published by *J. W. Robertson Scott* at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire. It quotes *Cato* to the effect that "The best citizens spring from the cultivators," *Job* saying "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee," *Virgil* averring, "O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune!"

It is as a miscellany of curious information that *The Countryman* displays one of its principal charms. At random in the latest issue I found a most beguiling photograph of "The First Lambs of the Season," a poem on trees by *Sylvia Townsend Warner,* a note on the queer behavior of a rabbit by a local justice of the peace— "I found to my surprise my seven runner ducks in a row, facing a half-grown rabbit which, on his hind legs, was giving them an entertainment by pirouetting, in fact dancing, from side to side. The ducks showed their appreciation by low quacking;" and in "As it Seems to Us" I came upon a suggestion from a certain Lady Vivyan concerning a new anthology that might be made on Poets' Natural History. "One thinks," she says, "of *Shelley's* berry-eating kingfisher ('Prometheus Unbound'):

*I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake*
*Upon a drooping bough with night shade twined*
*I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward*
*And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries*
*With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay*
*Those lovely forms imaged as in the sky.*

"Then we have *Sir Edmund Gosse* in his 'Charcoal Burner':

*He finds in angles of the trees,*
*The cup-nest of the swallow.*

"Nor should the compiler overlook the 'warbling sea-gulls' of *David Mallet.* Eighteenth century poetry is a particularly promising field."

### Immortal Eva

The above caption signifies *Eva Le Gallienne,* who will I think eventually receive immortality in the history of the American theatre. I have been reading her autobiographical "At 33." It is an entirely unpretentious volume, and Miss Le Gallienne is not remarkable as a writer, but her sincerity and straightforwardness make certain moments in the book most moving. Longmans, Green published the book on the fifth of this month and Miss Le Gallienne, on tour, closed in Chicago on the sixth and opened in Milwaukee in time for her thirty-fourth birthday on the eleventh. Tribute has already been publicly paid to her attainments, and I am glad to note that in the January 10th issue of *The Nation, Joseph Wood Krutch* has said the following:

> Nearly four years ago Eva Le Gallienne gave a performance of Juliet which ought to have been praised even more than it was because it broke with a sugary tradition and created a believable character by presenting Shakespeare's heroine as a strong, impetuous, almost ruthless girl.
>
> Miss Le Gallienne has brought to the theatre an awareness, a sensitivity to genuine literary creation, a range of creative interpretation that set her in a peculiar place apart. Today we have a few fine actresses, but Miss Le Gallienne is not only a fine actress but, as one might say, "the whole works." As producer, director, organizer, interpreter, she is more the Admirable Crichton than any other actor or actress we have. And compared with her general cultivation and intelligence she makes most managers and directors look like schoolboys. I assure you that this paean is quite disinterested. I have not the pleasure of knowing Miss Le Gallienne.

### Indispensable Roget

If we literary fellers have a bible, it ought to be Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases." I myself have worn several copies into a pretty tattered state. Now Longmans—this seems to be a Longmans day with me!—has got out a fine new edition of this indispensable desk book. It is the authorized edition completely revised, on bible paper, over seven hundred pages, compact and light, retaining unaltered the classification ideas for which the work is famous, but with all the additions made by the author's son and grandson. The price is two dollars, and I recommend the book as a grand present to all writers, great or humble, in the New Year!

### A New York Ph.D.

Sometime ago I visited a certain penthouse apartment for a party, and it inspired the following verse:

*From the flagged terrace high buildings flatten*
*To misted levels seethed in lights.*
*This hanging garden in Manhattan*
*Surveys another of her nights.*

*Here by your parapet, elated,*
*You stand, and delicately sip—*
*A girl who feels she's graduated*
*From city life's harsh fellowship.*

*From lower planes more grossly mortal*
*You have, indeed, got your degree—*
*For passing through your penthouse portal*
*I saw it lettered P H D!*

It's a fact; the penthouses are lettered even up to G.

### The Bedside Table

If you'd like to know what books have kept me awake until one or two in the morning recently, I can give you a rough idea; for one thing, *Peter Fleming's* most entertaining "Brazilian Adventure" (Scribner's) which is a favorite with several others in this office; then I got an advance copy of Farrar & Rinehart's "The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck," edited by *Alexander Laing,* and suffered from eyestrain the next day (which has nothing to do with the most readable type in which the book is printed) because I had to read it through at once. I shall say no more, as next week I shall probably review it. Then I wish to tell you that *Frederick F. Van De Water's* "Thunder Shield" (Bobbs-Merrill) decidedly interested me as an American historical novel, winding up as it does with the Custer massacre, which has always fascinated me since an Army boyhood, and being about the plains Indians and the days of the last frontier. Then *Earle Vonard Weller's* "Autobiography of *John Keats,*" compiled from Keats's letters and essays and published by the Stanford University Press, renewed my old familiarity with a poet who was my first great enthusiasm among English poets. Also, I wish to thank two separate publishers for reissues of two great books, one of which I have never read. It is *Dostoievsky's* "The Brothers Karamazov." Random House has brought out a new edition, sumptuously illustrated by Boardman Robinson, and I have determined to make the masterpiece mine at last. But I *have* early read and been fascinated by "The Travels of Marco Polo." Therefore my particular benison upon the Printing House of *Leo Hart* of Rochester, N. Y., for their beautiful edition of the *Marsden* translation revised and edited with an introduction by *Manuel Komroff,* and decorated by *W. A. Dwiggins.*

**The Viking Galley**

**RECOGNIZED** several years ago for his brilliant volume of short stories, Seán O'Faoláin now writes *A Nest of Simple Folk*, remarkable first novel, telling an epic tale of little lives involved in vast human drama. Political upheaval in Ireland is only one thread in his plot's immense tapestry • **WELL-MET** were the story David Burnham had to tell and the unusual literary style in which he tells it. In *Wedding Song*, American expatriates and Italian aristocrats become emotionally embroiled during a blistering Venetian month. Many will remember Burnham for his sensationally promising first novel not long ago • **DO THEATRE-GOERS** require more intellectual entertainment than reading public? "No," says William Soskin citing popularity of *The Man of the Renaissance.* His refutation is confirmed by constantly mounting sales. His praise is echoed from Massachusetts (Boston Transcript) to California (San Francisco Call-Bulletin) • **SPIRITUALISM** and mother-love are counterpointed in *David.* It took remarkable skill to tell this story—Miss Royde-Smith possessed it • **IS SEX EQUALITY** possible? Soviets think so. *Woman in Soviet Russia* offers exciting facts *re* Russian woman's education, economic problems, sexual life • **TWO WORLDS** are told of by pseudonymous author of *Jack Robinson*,—the world of ideas, the world of physical adventures. Shunning all well-trodden literary paths George Beaton proves himself a stylist of remarkable individuality. England is cheering—America will • **POPULARITY** of Dorothy Parker is unpredictable: it's always greater than before. *After Such Pleasures* is being read and talked about—and read!

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# Words and Music

*FROM BACH TO STRAVINSKY. Edited by David Ewen. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THIS book is announced as "a new kind of music history," without the bias and limitations of popular music histories and without the technicalities and obscurities of the more academic books for musicians. In it is "material hitherto to be found only in thirty different books." This blurb is as questionable as most of its fellows, and, it seems to me, works with the ill chosen title to give a wrong impression of the book. For, to begin with, no less than half of the chapters which comprise the volume are taken from that very group of popular histories which is mentioned on the cover. Only four chapters are from works dealing exclusively with the composer in question.

The book is in truth not a history at all, but a collection of essays, and as soon as the thought of history is banished its real value is seen not to be that of a text book or reference book of facts but rather a book for the intellectually curious mind, which seeks stimulation entirely aside from practical matters of education. College professors and school teachers will therefore find it useful only as collateral reading material. In general the articles are what is loosely termed "appreciative." They are treading on what is usually recognized as very thin ice, and hence it is a credit to the editor as well as the respective authors that as a whole the book is successful. As C. Hubert H. Parry, composer of that great English song to words of Blake, "Jerusalem," says in his chapter on Beethoven, "The power of music to express subtle gradations of feeling is so much greater than language that in most cases the attempt to describe the meaning of the former by the latter is almost hopeless."

It has often been said that those who are moved to describe music in words are merely displaying their ignorance of the music itself. Yet much can be done in a more indirect way by the description of the composer's character and philosophy in relation to the world of his time, and it is in doing this that the best chapters in this book hit their mark. The amount of actual biographical material varies greatly, but all of the articles — and this is important to the prospective reader—presuppose a fairly extensive knowledge of the musical works mentioned as well as the outstanding facts of the composers' lives. The two chapters on the Russians are of necessity fairly full of factual detail, and Parry displays a tendency toward straight biography, but, at the other extreme, articles on Debussy and Ravel, Chopin and Mozart are "cast in the realm of pure speculation."

Space does not permit a discussion of each chapter, but several stand out in the mind of a perhaps prejudiced reviewer as worth noting. To a lover of the earlier classics the chapter on Mozart by W. J. Turner, is the most impressive of them all, though perhaps the followers of Chopin would prefer J. Cuthbert Hadden's panegyric on that composer. Mr. Turner invades without hesitation the shadowy world of metaphysics and persuades us in most convincing and forceful language that Mozart's music is lacking in something which he hardly dares characterize, a kind of faith, a "joy," a spiritual sublimity, which he finds to be the greatest asset of Beethoven. By his very care in choosing words he insures himself against the excesses of "word painting," and—if we have listened comprehendingly to Mozart himself—we find that his explanation is a most satisfying one.

Among the early chapters I shall signalize only one more, that on early opera by Carl Engel, hitherto unpublished, which is well written and most informative on a little known subject. The other articles worth notice are those covering the recent and contemporary musical world, with a dabbling in the future. The last half of Paul Bekker's article on Late Romanticism and Modern Trends is a clear and surprisingly sane exposition of the trend in modern music toward a renewal of the classic forms and ideals. It is, like Mr. Turner's "Mozart," written with care and circumspection, and avoids the manifold pitfalls which surround the smoke and battle of present-day music. Leonid Sabaneyeff's article on Stravinsky is a fine complement to Bekker's work.

Definitely on the minus side of the balance are the articles on Chopin, and Debussy and Ravel, respectively by J. Cuthbert Hadden and Paul Rosenfeld. Chopin is pictured in far too glowing terms. Debussy is unhappily subjected to a veritable *coup de grâce* of word painting.

> . . . His orchestra sparkles with iridescent fires, with divided tones, with delicate violets and argents and shades of rose. The sound of the piano, usually but the ringing of flat coloured stones, at his touch becomes fluid, velvety, and dense, takes on the properties of satins and liqueurs. The pedal washes new tint after new tint over the key-board. . . . Ruddy sparks glitter in *Mouvement* . . . the piano is liquid and luminous and aromatic in *Cloches à travers les feuilles.*

Such language, attractive though it may be from the literary point of view, is entirely out of place in music criticism.


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# Growing Pains

*WE ARE SPOILED. By Phyllis Paul. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by VIOLA ILMA

THIS is a sad book. Underneath it lies a filthy pit of degeneracy over which every young person today is suspended by a frayed thread. It is a book that fills a young person with terror, an unnerving, torturing fear that after all, life may be just that, that we may never see over the sides of the pit, that even if we do, another dreary expanse may extend before us.

It is mostly the story of Jael Lingard and Christian Lauria, who live the early part of their lives about Hammersing Heath in England. The adolescent Jael is taken from the heath by Llewellyn, perhaps her father, and is turned over to a courtesan to be educated. Thence, she is dragged through the depths of corruption by Llewellyn, and comes back to the heath, pure in body, but with a mind stultified by what she has seen, and with a vitiated hope that something better will come to her there. In the end, she gives up her body, her last defense, to another man.

The remaining characters in the book are Christian's sister, who accepts life with cheerful vacuity because "You can become resigned to anything," his cousin, Nancy, whose cloudy dreams of a gorgeous love life unhinge her mind, and his father, who is an irresponsible religious maniac. Miss Paul's verdict, on them, "We are Spoiled," is undoubtedly the right one. In her story is the story of children who have been allowed to think the world is their oyster, and grow up to find only slime. As a result they suffer as many young people do today. Their strength has been undermined by the ease of their youth, and the accessibility of mental and material things. They have never had to become a part of life. They are merely receptacles of life. That they might be intellectually and emotionally involved in something which does not vitally concern their intimate private lives does not occur to them. The direction of their attention has always been towards themselves, never from themselves. Because they are spoiled, they cannot think or act in terms other than of themselves. They cannot think or act creatively.

Because of this, they must accept a ready-made picture of life, a picture made by those who are tired of living. The spoiled have not the training nor the backbone to make a new kind of life, but drift from one ready-made conception to another with the hope that they may light on one which satisfies their craving for the good. They cannot find one. But they have one weapon of defense. They can reject. And they do reject life—as it has been offered to them.

That is where Miss Paul stops. That is why the book is sad. It is what young people fear. But should not common sanity tell us, should not history and a hundred and one other things tell us, that life need not be that? We know that things are changing, that old values are being discarded, but isn't it just as true that old values have been discarded in the past, and new ones have grown? Isn't Miss Paul a little hasty in her discouragement? The transition is painful, true enough. But it seems to me that the pain is encouraging if anything. From it will emerge new values, new ideals, a new day.


*Viola Ilma is the editor of* Modern Youth, *and an active worker for the mobilization of youth to the ends of a better society.*


# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE THIN MAN *Dashiell Hammett* (Knopf: $2.) | Eccentric inventor vanishes, his secretary is murdered, his ex-wife calls in ex-tec Nick Charles and hell pops. | It's the telling more than the tale that counts here, and both are even better than earlier Hammetts. | Extra-Swell |
| THE MURDER OF SUZY POMMIER *Emmanuel Bove* (Little, Brown: $2.) | French film star, murdered in bath, starts deductive faculty of Inspector Mancelle spinning rapidly. | Georges Simenon is still the only Gallic mystery story writer who makes any sense at all. | *Hélas!* |
| THE WAY OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL *Baroness Orczy* (Putnams: $2) | Ubiquitous Pimpernel continues to outwit sans-culottes and save tender necks of French aristos from Revolutionary guillotine. | Surprising how pleasantly exciting variations on an old, old theme can be. | Engaging |

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# The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

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### NEGROES OF EMINENCE

LITTLE did *E. B. H. of Avoca, Neb.*, think, when she wrote "Can you suggest some vivid biographical material on Paul Robeson, Booker T. Washington, Paul L. Dunbar, and Richard B. Harrison . . . and, are there others that should be included (in a club paper), . . . and are there any outstanding Negro women to be considered?" that she was opening the sluice gates. For literature by and about the Negroes has accumulated so rapidly of late that there are long lists which could be given E. B. H. We'll take her questions up seriatim, as the lawyers would say. First, then, for Paul Robeson, whose prowess as an athlete and scholar as well as a singer and an actor the newspapers have already made familiar. There's a biography of him which is completely authoritative, in PAUL ROBESON, NEGRO (Harpers), by his wife, Eslanda Goode Robeson, herself a woman of ability. The *New Republic* of August 6, 1930, in a review of the book included some comment upon Essie, as she is called by her friends. Much, of course, has been written upon Booker Washington, from whose efforts date the great strides made by his race in education and vocational training, but the best source for information on his life remains his autobiography, UP FROM SLAVERY (Doubleday, Doran), a fascinating and inspiring record. THE LIFE AND WORKS OF PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR (Napierville, Ill.: Nichols), a volume including stories, poems, anecdotes, etc., contains a biographical sketch of Dunbar by Lida Keck Wiggins. A good article on the novelist, "Some Personal Reminiscences of Paul Laurence Dunbar," by Edward F. Arnold, appeared in *The Journal of Negro History* for October, 1932. Material on Richard B. Harrison is harder to obtain. The newspapers of four years ago, when GREEN PASTURES first held the stage, have articles scattered through the dramatic and magazine sections on him. There is also some good descriptive and biographical matter in Paul Hutchinson's BACKSTAGE WITH "THE LAWD," which was printed in *The Christian Century for* 1930.

While the aforementioned Negroes are outstanding members of their race, they are by no means alone in the success and recognition their abilities have attained. The list, indeed, of those who have contributed to the arts is so long that all we can do here is to pick out a few of the more widely known names, and refer E. B. H. to some books we are about to cite for many more. She ought certainly, if she intends her club paper to be at all comprehensive, to include mention in it of James Weldon Johnson, whose highly interesting autobiographical chronicle of a life of high distinction the Viking Press has just brought out under the title ALONG THIS WAY; of his brother, Rosamond Johnson; of the novelists Walter White, Claude McKay, and Jessie Fauset; the poets, Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen; the organist and composer, Harry Burleigh, and the singer Roland Hayes; the educator, Robert Russa Moton; the author and editor, W. E. Burghardt DuBois, and such other writers and critics as Alain Locke and Carter G. Woodson. Material on all these figures is to be found in Mary White Ovington's PORTRAITS IN COLOR (Viking), in Benjamin G. Brawley's THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART (Duffield), which has a good bibliography, or Ralph W. Bullock's IN SPITE OF HANDICAPS (Association Press), which also contains a useful bibliography. As to Negro women, there is material on several in the foregoing books and on others in Sadie Iola Daniel's WOMEN BUILDERS (Association Press). A work that should prove extremely useful to E. B. H., or anyone else desirous of securing information on the Negro race, is THE NEGRO YEAR BOOK (Tuskegee Institute), by Monroe Work, which contains in addition to a large amount of miscellaneous information, classified reviews of books by and about Negroes and a complete bibliography on Negro literature.

### MYTHOLOGY FOR CHILDREN

We were about to set down the title of "a book on mythology for a child of twelve or fourteen years" for *F. E. T. of Hot Springs, Ark.*, when the author of it walked into our office. We wish we could transport the child to the side of Padraic Colum instead of his ORPHEUS: MYTHS OF THE WORLD (Macmillan) to the child, for the lovely old tales, even beautifully as he has rendered them, take on a new charm and meaning from the fashion in which he recites them to children. Several years ago we reproduced in *The Saturday Review* a painting of Mr. Colum by our friend Bernhardt Gutmann. We can't resist reprinting it now where it so fittingly illustrates our comment. Mr. Colum is one of those Irishmen who have never lost their childhood ability to commune with fairies, and who through a vast erudition and a lively interest in matters cultural and political weaves a strand of poetry that touches all he says and writes with beauty. His ORPHEUS, a fine retelling of legend, is decorated with engravings by Artzybasheff. If F. E. T. wants another book to his list, there is, of course, the classic Bulfinch's AGE OF FABLE (Dutton: Everyman), and there are Hawthorne's exquisite WONDER BOOK and TANGLEWOOD TALES (Houghton Mifflin), though these latter are for fairly young children.

### GAZETTEERS AND CONCORDANCES

"My foot is on my native heath," we almost felt like saying, when the request of *A. F. S. of North Battleford, Saskatchewan*, reached us. For A. F. S. wants a number of comprehensive gazetteers and atlases for office and library use, and the very first work we ever did was in the humble capacity of handmaid to our revered and cherished uncles, Angelo and Louis Heilprin, when they revised Lippincott's PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. We think that we literally read miles of proof for them (stretched out in a steamer chair in front of an open fire, the sacred perquisites of whoever happened to be reading proof), and we grew to feel that no reference could possibly be beyond doubt before it was checked up in the Italian Garollo, the French Vapereau, and the German cyclopedias of Meyer and Brockhaus, in addition to half a dozen English authorities. We even wrote articles for Lippincott's GAZETTEER which startle us with a familiar ring if we happen by chance to stumble upon them nowadays. Lippincott's, which was again revised a few years ago, still remains the most comprehensive and important book of its kind in this country. It contains no maps, however. For a combined gazetteer and atlas A. F. S. can turn to HAMMOND'S UNABRIDGED ATLAS AND GAZETTEER (Hammond) and for an admirable compact work to CHAMBERS'S CONCISE GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD (Lippincott). Bartholomew's HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD, an excellent collection of maps and places, is now issued by Dutton in the Everyman's Library edition. A more extensive work, historical in slant, is THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORICAL ATLAS (Macmillan).

A. F. S. wants also a handy concordance to the Bible. He will find what he needs, we think, in THE OXFORD CYCLOPEDIA CONCORDANCE (Oxford University Press), a concordance and Bible dictionary combined, together with glossary, harmony, botany, under one alphabet. If he wishes as a special reference book (it is too large for general use) a concordance on a large scale he should get Robert Young's ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE (Funk & Wagnalls), which has 311,000 references.


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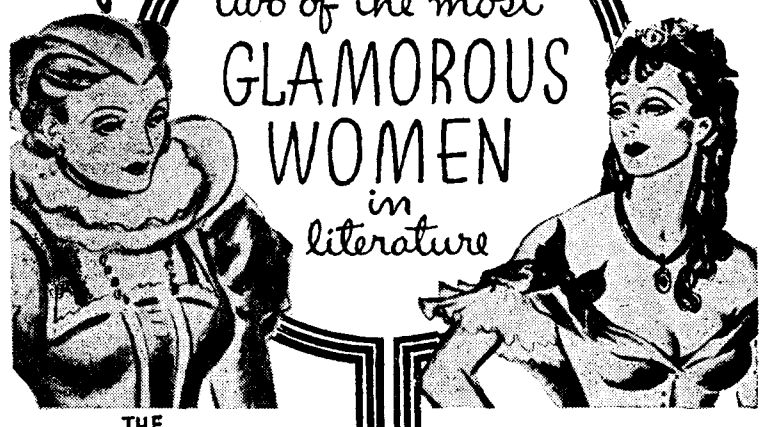

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When we offered the booklet, "Reviewing Ten Years: a Personal Record of THE SATURDAY REVIEW," to any reader who gave two or more gift subscriptions for Christmas, we did not foresee the predicament in which one of our subscribers finds herself. "*I want very much*," she writes, "*a copy of 'Reviewing Ten Years' . . . but unfortunately most of my friends take your paper too. Here is a check for* $6.00 *and you can send the subscriptions to two people who you know would like them.*" . . . Another Christmas letter tells us—"*Most of all I enjoy the feeling that when I open THE SATURDAY REVIEW I am receiving a message from my friends, for such you seem to me now.*" . . . The professor in charge of courses in book selection at Columbia University says, "*I am a Charter Subscriber, we always have our classes study the paper in detail, as one of the most important aids the librarian has in the selection of current books.*" . . . One helpfully commercially minded subscriber writes "*Your advertising department may be interested to know that my SRL is read each week by anywhere from three to six persons besides the original subscriber.*"

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# The New Books

## Art

*MODELLING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MAKING. By Sargeant Jagger. New York: The Studio Publications.* 1933. $3.50.

In the foreword of this book on the making of sculpture the author gives to his "student reader" both a warning and a promise; a warning that "he has chosen the most exacting, the most arduous, and the least appreciated of all the arts"; and a promise that "if he faithfully serves the mistress to whom he has sworn allegiance she will . . . in return for the misery, fatigue, and despair . . . fill his whole life with an absorbing passion to which all other worldly joys will minister as a foil." Having thus enlisted our interest, he proceeds to give a remarkably clear exposition of the processes used in modelling. Concisely and yet vividly the story is told from the preparation of the clay to the completion of a work of heroic size; and every step is illustrated by one or more excellent plates. We are introduced in turn to the tools, the armatures, and the pointing machines; we watch a piece of sculpture from its first inception as a pencil sketch through the successive stages of the sketch model (a rough shape fashioned from a solid block of clay), the working model (one-third the required size), and finally the full-size work.

But the book is more than a practical guide for the student sculptor. As occasion arises, the author sets forth the principles of sculpture as he conceives them—the modification of the forms of nature, simplification, design, color (in the sculptural sense), composition, etc. And in conclusion the author selects "twelve great works of sculpture"—African, Egyptian, Greek, Assyrian, Indian, Renaissance, and Modern—and briefly discusses their salient characteristics. These statements, made quite simply and in no way didactically, are the fruit, one feels, of the long experience of a distinguished sculptor.

Though the importance of the knowledge of anatomy is duly stressed, no attempt is made to impart such knowledge. In this respect Mr. Jagger's book differs from Lanteri's famous "Modelling, a Guide for Teachers and Students," which is a more comprehensive but also a much lengthier exposition. Whereas Lanteri's book was addressed specifically to the teacher and student, Jagger's work should appeal also to the general public. For a technical knowledge of the craft is now recognized as a necessary equipment for the intelligent appreciation of art. On this account and as a necessary complement we may hope that the "How to do it" series may soon include also a work on Stone Carving.

G. M. A. R.

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*Logan Pearsall Smith's*
ON READING SHAKESPEARE
$1.50 Harcourt, Brace & Co.

## Fiction

*WEDDING SONG. By David Burnham. Viking.* 1934. $2.50.

America is off the gold standard, the speakeasy has been repealed, and "Little Women" is playing to capacity houses, but people go on writing novels about the lost generation. This is a pretty good one, but it shows—if anybody still has to be shown—the shortcomings of its school. The tragedy of the lost generation is that it never presented the materials for tragedy, but only for an interminable series of hard-luck stories. The hero of "Wedding Song" has all the varieties of hard luck: not only the war, but an Oedipus complex; his mother died in an automobile accident, his wife in childbirth. We get all this in flashbacks interrupting the conventionally brittle sophistication of the current story, which concerns the hero's revenge on his father, whom he conceives to have been responsible for his antecedent misfortunes.

In spite of all this, and somewhat in spite of oneself, one reads the story with considerable, if temporary, interest. Technically Mr. Burnham has done a good job. Venice, where the scene is laid, is there with all its smells, and the characters, both natives and expatriates, carry conviction. But the troubles of a poor little rich boy seem rather disembodied these days, particularly when he has only the attitudes of his generation instead of brains of his own.

G. S.

## Foreign

*LA POLITICA ITALIAN DI LORENZO DE' MEDICI. By Roberto Palmarocchi. Florence: Leo S. Olschki.* 1933.

In this study of Florentine politics under Lorenzo the Magnificent, Roberto Palmarocchi has thrown new light on the little known war between Florence and Innocent VIII, in the years 1485-6. While the military aspect was of comparatively little importance, the diplomatic struggle preceding and following the few campaigns was of utmost consequence. At that time Florence was represented at the various Italian courts by unusually able men: Piero Capponi, Bernardo Rucelai, Piero Alamanni, Giovanni Lanfredini, Jacopo Guicciardini, and Giovanni Tornabuoni. It was due to their efforts no less than to his own policy of sane moderation that Lorenzo was able to preserve the Balance of Power in Italy, and to prevent any outbreak of hostilities in the six years that elapsed after the close of this war, and prior to his death in 1492. Both Venice and Lodovico Sforza would have preferred anarchy in Italy to peace under Florentine domination and were constantly on the alert to foment rebellion. There was likewise constant danger of French intervention in Naples. Roberto Sanseverino, the ablest of the condottiere, could not be counted on for continued loyalty, and the shifting alliances of potentates and princelings added to the confusion and the significance of the two years' struggle. The author has relied almost entirely on the long files of diplomatic correspondence for his material, sources hitherto disregarded, and his conclusions go far toward convincing the reader that Lorenzo was the first modern statesman of Italy as well as the inaugurator of Italian nationalism. The appendices contain much valuable material on the conspiracy of Sanseverino against Lodovico Sforza, on the last days of Sanseverino and on the relation between Lorenzo and Cosimo in regard to their theories of Balance of Power.

G. R. B. R.

## International

*WAYS THAT ARE DARK. By Ralph Townsend. Putnams.* 1933. $3.

Ralph Townsend, formerly junior consular official in China, has poured out the vials of his wrath in this book. He has many accusations to make and makes them all repeatedly for fear of not driving home his point. The Chinese to him are dishonest, filthy, unintelligent, cowardly, lazy, and so on in a category of every sin known to man. Professing to "take off the lid," Mr. Townsend indulges in the oldest mistake known to experienced "foreigners" in China—he sees specific instances and transfers them immediately to generalities. The same muckraking method can be applied to every land and every race—with the same result. The old China-hand says, "You can make but one generalization about China—never generalize about China." The old China-hand also says, "Live in China a couple of years and write a book; live there longer and you know better."

Mr. Townsend lived in China for two years. He served in Shanghai and Foochow as vice-consul. Both are treaty ports on the sea coast which have been open to western ways and men for almost a hundred years. Apparently the China of the interior is unknown to the author. This is a China you can only know when you have lived in a little Chinese village, eaten Chinese food, and listened to the gray-bearded patriarch telling his legends of the past as he sips tea and smokes his water-pipe in the village inn.

Mr. Townsend's chronicle of Chinese criticism treats of "The Real Chinese," of the missionary and "community man," of opium, of Japan's relation to China. Throughout the presentation of his observations runs a thread of ill-considered bias which taints his words. We must look to other books and other, more discerning writers for the truth about China.

J. L. C. F.

## Travel

*MESA LAND. By Anna Wilmarth Ickes. Houghton Mifflin.* 1933. $3.

An increased interest in the Indian Southwest and an increasing bibliography make it necessary to examine each new book on the subject for its object in being written. "Mesa Land" is an honest, interesting book, but its purpose seems a little vague. Apparently its object is to introduce the layman very generally to the Southwest; yet it is more than a guide book and less than a text book, including both directions for the tourist and more scholarly archaeology, as well as haphazard but good descriptions of the modern pueblos and peoples and of the ancient ruins, and short histories of the Southwest and of the Navajo. The whole is enhanced by personal reminiscences, reflections, and odd bits concerning the country. There are also chapters on special subjects such as the Kiva. The author is obviously well acquainted with her subject, yet at the same time brings to it the freshness of the amateur, so necessary in writing for amateurs. But she does not, somehow, come up to the mark in one very necessary attribute of such a book—she does not impart to the unacquainted reader a full sense of that strong but indefinable attraction which the Southwest holds over its devotees. The fault is mostly due to a jumpy, often obscure style, and a careless construction.

C. C.

*EIGHT REPUBLICS IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE. Evolution and Revolution in South America. By Rosita Forbes. Stokes.* 1933. $3.

Rosita Forbes is an intelligent English woman who has made a hobby of travel and exploration, especially in regions inhabited by Arabs. She drove an ambulance during the war, has written travel books and novels, and in 1932, with her second husband, spent a year in South America.

What with their excellent introductions and Miss Forbes's own energy and lively curiosity, they met "everybody" and saw "everything." The result is a decidedly stimulating record of impressions, the outstanding quality of which, perhaps, is the feeling they give of countries and peoples steaming and straining to the point of boiling over with all sorts of post-war novelties and heterodoxies. This refers, of course, more to the trans-equatorial republics than to that part of the other continent this side the Line, of which, indeed, Miss Forbes saw little. But it is plain that in the more grown-up republics of South America, the old travel-book clichés are no longer applicable, and that the Argentinians, Chileans, Uruguayans, and some of their neighbors have said good-bye to all that, no less than Europe and ourselves.

A mile or so underground in Chile, in the great copper mine at Teniente,

> Big Ben struck midnight. It was six o'clock in the afternoon. "I can get Paris if you like—and you'll hear about Monsieur Doumergue's funeral. . . ." The pale young man occupied himself with what looked like an untidy attempt at Heath Robinson architecture. He turned a number of handles, knobs, and dials. The air spat at us. From three loud-speakers came the most extraordinary sounds. "I believe it's Japan," murmured the pale young man. . . .

The passage is typical of Miss Forbes's nervous style and of the South Americans' closeness to the modern world. The Third International is there; Moscow just around the corner. There were six revolutions in the year of Miss Forbes's visit, the world crisis was not only in full swing but hitting the South Americans, with their dependence on raw materials, with special force. Undoubtedly, the time wasn't "normal," but much that she sees and reports is inherent and endemic, nevertheless. A shrewd, lively, and entertaining book.

## Latest Books Received

*(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)*

*BELLES LETTRES*

*Edgar Allan Poe and the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.* Univ. of Virginia Pr.

*EDUCATION*

*Types of Prose Writing.* Ed. Clark, H. Slover and DeWitt T. Starnes. Houghton.

*HISTORY*

*British Colonial Government after the American Revolution.* H. T. Manning. Yale Univ. Pr. $4.

*MISCELLANEOUS*

*Banking and the New Deal.* New York: Am. Institute of Banking. *A Biographical Dictionary of Foreign Literature.* Compiled R. F. Sharp. Dutton (Everyman's Library). 70 cents.

*PAMPHLETS*

*Monetary Stability.* A. Mahr. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 25 cents.

*PHILOSOPHY*

*Human Nature.* J. R. Butler. Greenberg.

*RELIGION*

*From Sabbath to Sunday.* P. Cotton. Bethlehem, Pa.: *Times.*

# Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

| *Trade Mark* | *Label* | *Contents* | *Flavor* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THIS THING CALLED LOVE<br>*Elizabeth Carfrae*<br>(Putnam: $2.) | Rental Romance | She was warned away from the lady-slaying actor, but she loved him, and she held him against tremendous odds. | Ordinary |
| OUTLAWS THREE<br>*Peter Field*<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Western | Pat Stevens heads into hostile territory after the side-winders who hold up trains and engage in other such dastardly doings. There's a gal in trouble. | Standard |
| ALABAM'<br>*Donald Henderson Clarke*<br>(Vanguard: $2.) | Hollywood Stuff | The author of "Millie" turns out another story of the movie colony in which a little Southern gal makes the grade after difficulties. Easy to read and forget. | Oke |
| SILVER PLATTER<br>*Laetitia McDonald*<br>(Farrar & Rinehart: $2.) | Novel | Victoria Marie Antoinette Rupp's forthright nature clashes with love for her socially prominent playboy mate. The author does these things much more skilfully than her contemporaries in the field. | Superior |
| VALERIE HATHAWAY<br>*Claudius Gregory*<br>(Sears: $2.) | Novel | Balogna about a lady mind-reader whose spiritual contact with her deceased mate confuses her urges toward a more materially satisfying partner. | Phony |

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## At Public Sale

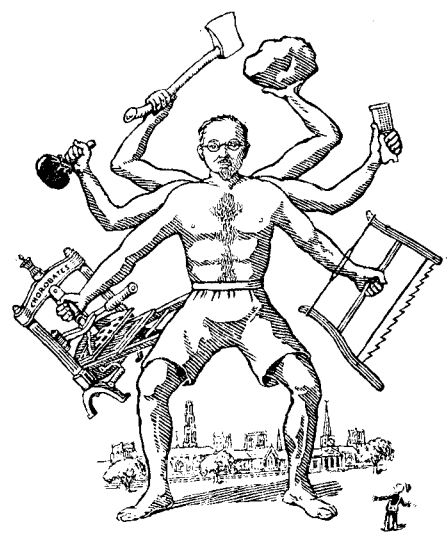
A SALE of books, autograph letters and manuscripts which is characterized by the American Art Association Anderson Galleries as the most important since the dispersal of the Lothian collection two years ago was conducted at the galleries January 4th and 5th, following public exhibition beginning December 28th. The high point of the sale was the appearance of a complete draft of "The Star Spangled Banner" in Francis Scott Key's hand, which was accompanied by a unique copy of the earliest printed broadside of the familiar, as it were, stanzas. The manuscript comes from the collection of the late Henry Walters of Baltimore. Important letters of Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Paul Revere, and later national figures were also dispersed.

Listing of the Merle Johnson collection of Woodrow Wilson, embracing more than 2,500 items, contributes notable reference interest to the catalogue. The galleries call this collection "without doubt the most complete available assemblage of Wilson's writings and of books relating to him."

Shakespeare was represented by distinguished copies of the second, third, and fourth folios. Included in the English literature division were letters or manuscripts of Shelley, Fielding, and Gray.

Other noteworthy lots in a noteworthy sale included a presentation copy of the first edition of Mary Baker Glover Eddy's "Science and Health," a letter by Poe alluding to the Revolutionary services of his soldier grandfather, a presentation copy of Dickens's "American Notes," and Barrie's "Richard Savage."

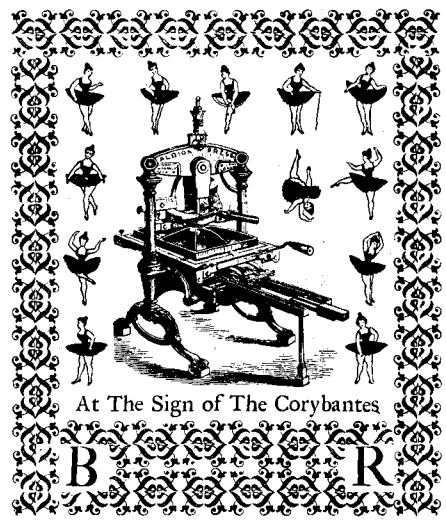
J. T. W.



*The following poem is inserted in* The Compleat Collector *without the knowledge of Mr. Rollins. The author prefers to remain anonymous, and the editors warn the reader that the illustrations, reproduced from a privately printed version of the poem, provide no clue to his identity.*

## Super-Power Carl

CARL P. ROLLINS—Superpower Carl—
Jumps out of bed with his beard in a snarl,
Sizzles red-hot in his ice-cold tub,
Frazzles out the towels in a frenzied rub!
Bolts down a steak and five raw eggs
As he jumps up and down to limber up his legs.
Grabs up an axe and a big buck saw[r]
And leaps out of doors with a helluva roar!
Spits on his hands and snarls with glee,
As he splits into kindling a big oak tree;
Spits on his hands and grabs up a spade
And moves a ton of earth to make a new grade.
Spits on his hands and starts to throw rocks,
Waking all the neighbors for blocks and BLOCKS!
He's done a week's work while they shiver in bed,
With his Mack Truck body & his Roll[in]s-Royce head!
You may talk about Niagara! here's a Natural Force
That ought to be utilized and damned at its source!
He could light all the houses, furnish all the heat,
Be sawr-mill, powe'-house, 'n' everythin' complete.
Heat, Light, and Power: Unlimited! Free!
And all out of Carl! Oh, say, can you see
The Hercules of Hamden, the Pachydermic Printer,
Keeping us warm for the rest of the Winter!




## Book Club of California

THE Book Club of California will issue twelve numbers in a series of contemporary views of famous towns and camps of the Gold Rush Era. The first picture, just issued, is a color reproduction of a lithograph of "Sonora, the metropolis of the Southern mines," drawn by G. H. Goddard in January, 1852. The diligence of the book clubs and publishers of California in discovering and issuing material about that region is all the more commendable because of the general excellence of the typography of most of the publications. This series of views should be of much interest. One hundred copies, for Club members, have been printed by Johnck & Seeger. R.

## Short Reviews

*EARLY PRINTING IN TENNESSEE. 1793-1830. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Chicago: Chicago Club Printing House Craftsmen.* 1933.

MR. McMURTRIE'S impressive list of monographs on the early printing history of America has its latest addition in the above volume.

The author lists 316 items as printed in Tennessee before 1830. As would be expected, the issues of such a pioneer press include few or no books of general literature, history or the arts, but rather a somewhat monotonous list of acts of the legislature, almanacs, legal treatises, religious tracts and reports, proceedings of masonic lodges, etc.

The printing of the bibliography is excellent as to arrangement, with one possible exception: I believe that it is better to make the references to the location of existing copies as short as possible. Such semi-contractions as *Iowa Mas Lib* for instance, might be set *IML* and be clearer and more quickly read.

The book contains several reproductions of early items, a list of references, and an index. R.

*SILVER FARTHING. By Leura D. Bevis. Los Angeles: Dawson.* 1933.

IN their customary finished style, the Grabhorn Press has printed 325 copies of a small 12mo book of verses by Miss Bevis. In Lutetia type, with appropriate initials printed in color, with paper-boards binding and paper label, the little book is an excellent example of good printing of poetry. R.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## PERSONALS

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WANTED lady with means for educational enterprise. Box 410.

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GIRL wishes correspondence with single man thirty to forty years. Rather intellectual, domestic. Not beautiful or witty. Likes theatre, dancing, cards, good books, music, hiking. Doesn't "click" with jazzy generation. Lonely. Alaska.

WOMAN, 35, Christian, ideals, wholesome, happy, healthy (but lame!) would appreciate friendship, man of like description. Sally.

WELL established progressive country school, near New York, will take small group of boarding children at reduced rates. Box 424.

WELL BRE[D]
woman (with [illegible]
books, music,
fire among other things) seeks intellectual "rescue" via intelligent and stimulating correspondence and friendship with unattached gentleman of the new school (over 30). Box 425.

ARTIST, visiting New York, would like companionship, young lady who enjoys museums and theatres. Box 426.

TEACHER, of central Ohio, desires new contacts, stimulating correspondence and friendship of gentlemen forty-five to fifty-five. Buckeye.

IS THERE, in or near Manhattan, a young woman who would like to know a man of the world (not a fortune hunter), age forty, immured in Wall Street and seeking opportunities for broader, intellectual contacts. O. Henry.

MAN, with varied business experience, engineer by profession, said to have pleasing personality, with unusual success in executive capacity, would like to manage large country estate for someone who would appreciate saving, at least the salary of such a man, by economical management. Can handle all new construction and maintenance. Would be particularly interested in developing an entire new estate, or one that had been mismanaged. Avocational interests include farming, poultry, flowers and dogs. Unquestionable references. Box 428.


### PERSONAL

A correspondent from Cape Town, South Africa, writes to the *New York Times:* "Dear Sir, As a few friends and myself are desirous of corresponding with young men and women in the United States of America, we shall esteem it a favor if you could supply us with the names and addresses of suitable correspondents, or advise us as to the best way of establishing the desired connections. In view of the knowledge the outside world generally displays concerning our country, I presume that it would not be obvious to state that we are all white South Africans. Awaiting your advices with interest, Yours faithfully, D. CILLIÉ.

We are gratified to have this letter referred to this department by the *New York Times* Information Bureau, "in the hope," as they put it, that we "may be able to assist the writer in the matter to which he refers." We take this as a flattering recognition of the philanthropy of this department, in return for which we shall be glad to forward correspondence from any of our readers to Mr. Cillié and his friends in South Africa.

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# *Here's* perhaps the world's greatest adventure story out of literature . . .

*From a "Rare Print Collection," edited by Seymour Eaton, published by R. G. Kennedy & Co.*

FROM shorthand reporter to the vast success of Pickwick—from a wretched childhood of the debtors' prisons to the world's greatest Best Seller—here's a rare, rich biography, done in true Dickensian style— of the most prodigious figure in modern literature.

What would the course of fiction have been without him? Stephen Leacock, in his new book, brings to vivid life the man who, says William Lyon Phelps, had more sheer creative power than any other writer in English literature except Shakespeare . . . the legendary genius behind Little Nell and Oliver Twist and Mr. Pickwick.

"Of all the people who have read Dickens, hardly any have read for an ultimate purpose and with an artificial aim. His books from first to last have been read for their own sake. The written word has of itself called forth that laughter that lay between the lines, and for its own sake the tears upon the page," writes Mr. Leacock.

"In due time it will be known that the works of Charles Dickens represent the highest reach of the world's imaginative literature. This at its lowest is a poor thing, a tale told by an idiot. At its highest, the world's supreme achievement in art. . . ."

Mr. Leacock's evaluation, says the United Press, stands completely fair, despite the fact that it is the work of one who has always loved Dickens. Here is the whole story of a great genius, which tells in detail of his two historic visits to America, and with unparalleled frankness the truth of his domestic tragedy. Illustrated with rare Dickens Mss. and letters from the collections of famous bibliophiles.

$3.00 Doubleday, Doran

# CHARLES DICKENS

## *His Life and Work*

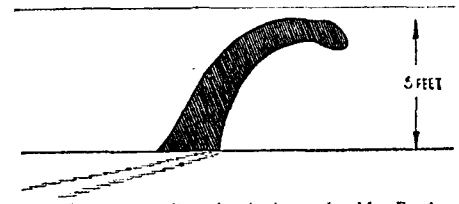
## by Stephen Leacock


# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

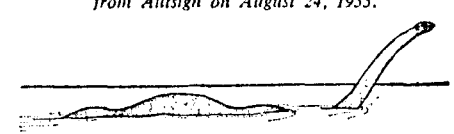
☞"Dear Quercus," writes our colleague Phoenix, "you say 'perhaps old P. E. G. had trodden on corns without knowing it.' Don't you mean *acorns?*" ☞Since this department's motto is *Parvis e glandibus quercus,* we were heartily pleased by this pun laid in our nest by the Phoenix.

☞Trade Winds' big scoop this week is a drawing of the Loch Ness Monster (or sea serpent) which we reproduce from the London *Times.* Showing how alert publishers are to what goes on, it was Don




*(1) From an outline sketch drawn by Mr. B. A. Russell at Fort Augustus, November 17, 1933, of what he saw there on October 1.*

*(2) From a sketch accepted by the Misses Rattray and Miss Hamilton as representing what they saw from Alltsigh on August 24, 1933.*



*(3) Sketch by Captain Cringle, of the ss. Umfuli, made while his ship was in Lat. 21° 40' N., long. 17° 30' W., bound for the Cape of Good Hope, on December 4, 1893, of a large creature of which he saw the neck and three humps.*

*(4) Contemporary sketch of "sea-serpent" described by the Rev. John Macrae, Minister of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, and the Rev. David Twopeny, vicar of Stockbury, Kent, as having been seen by them several times on August 20 and 21, 1872, as well as by others, from the cutter Leda while proceeding from Glenelg to Loch Hourn (approximately 40 miles from Loch Ness) and back.*

Brace of Harcourt, Brace and Co. who first called our attention to the rumor of the Anomaly of Loch Ness; and one of the first comments made in England was a letter from John Murray about a sea serpent of 1815 vintage in which Lord Byron was interested. ☞Lord Byron's family crest, John Murray reveals, was "a mermaid with her comb and mirror all proper," which pleases the fiscal mermaids of this office. ☞The alert American Autograph Shop, Ridley Park, Pa., (business transacted by mail only) has gathered a number of interesting items bearing on whiskey in American history. E. g., a letter from General Anthony Wayne (1793) ordering 2 bbls. of whiskey for the Hospital Department—where the General himself was then confined. ☞An autograph of Zebulon Pike (1794) requesting a quart of whiskey as prize for the best marksman in his command. ☞"These documents," comments Ridley Park, "prove the great part Whiskey played in the early American army that went out conquering the Indians, pioneering in territories which are now the most prosperous of all States." ☞The American public continue to be educated in the use and etiquette of wines. Our old friends H. T. Dewey & Sons, whose cellars of native vintage are in the delightfully named village of Egg Harbor, N. J., issue a leaflet on American wines. ☞The Barbizon Plaza Hotel gives away a sagacious pamphlet written by Katharine Spaeth (Mrs. Sigmund Spaeth) and illustrated by John Held, on the finesse of drinking. ☞Philip Wagner's book on *American Wines* (Knopf) is said to be agreeable, but Quercus hasn't seen it personally. ☞Trade Winds was pleased to learn in the daily papers that the respected publishing house of Thomas Y. Crowell Company is 100 years old this year. Thomas Y. Crowell (we always wondered what the Y. stood for?) entered the firm in 1856 after having been second mate in a sailing ship.

☞Which reminds us of Felix Riesenberg's vigorous and profane melodrama *The Second Mate,* once played under queer circumstances in the seaport of Hoboken and never published; it would make an unusually lusty moving picture.

☞The "Baker Street Irregulars," a club of Holmes-and-Watson devotees, held its first meeting on January 6, the date now accepted as Sherlock Holmes's birthday. Mr. Malcolm Johnson, editor of the Crime Club books, proposes that the Baker Street Irregulars publish once a year a rare private item of Holmesiana. ☞One of Quercus's ambitions is to see more books illustrated by Diana Thorne, one of our favorite cat-and-dog painters—especially *La Mère Michel et Son Chat,* written, if we remember accurately, by Emile de la Bedollière—of whom we know nothing.

☞Bob Lewis of the Oxford University Press tells us the latest news of the "Biblical Seven," as the Oxford Bible salesmen call themselves. They gave a lunch lately to their colleague, Charles Cantine Schepmoes, as a tribute to his more than half a century of selling Oxford BIBLES, and as evidence of their heartfelt appreciation of "Schep" as friend and fellow salesman. Most of them have followed "Schep" in his territories and know how deep the affection and how high the esteem of these Booksellers for this dean of the Book travellers, who is now the last of the original founders of the American Branch of the O. U. P.

☞1934 books seem to be starting off well. There's some good publicity making its appearance: Little, Brown is distributing a 56-page pamphlet containing the first three chapters of *Bredon and Sons,* the new novel by Neil Bell. We have never understood why the sampling method is not more frequently used in introducing new books. We like the blurb, which begins: "Here are the first three chapters of a 587-page novel which enjoys the distinction of being the shortest novel of its length we have ever read."

☞From Little, Brown also comes the not very surprising information that the success of *Little Women* in the movies has increased the sales of all the Louisa M. Alcott books. (We have intended to check up on the rumor that *Little Women* is running serially in the New York *Daily News,* but we haven't got around to it.) ☞We wonder how many *Saturday Review* readers have gone back to reread *Little Women* as a result of the movie. One of the Quercuses did, and feels it's worth remarking upon, after the traditional treatment of books by the movies, that here is one instance where the movie has perfectly distilled the real quality of the book, a quality of which one feels, in rereading it, that Louisa herself was not fully conscious. ☞And how many have noticed the one, and unnecessary, anachronism: the inclusion of the Tchaikovsky song, *Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt,* which was published after the appearance of *Little Women* in 1869?

☞A subtly worded note from Covici-Friede implies that a large audience of doctors will be available for Sidney Kingsby's hospital drama, *Men in White,* when they publish it in book form—the audience consisting of those physicians who have been to see the play, but were interrupted in the middle by emergency calls from patients.

☞Here's A. A. Milne again, who so recently disclaimed having intended his *Four Days' Wonder* for a mystery. (Our Criminal Recorder, for one, never took it as such.) Mr. Milne now wants to write an anti-war book, as "no first-rate mind can be a militarist." We wish Mr. Milne all the luck in the world, but we believe the main trouble with the anti-war movement is that a second-rate mind can be a pacifist.

☞The Viking Press, far from trying to hush up the fact that George Beaton's picaresque novel, *Jack Robinson,* is a sheet importation, point out that such celebrated books as *South Wind, Lolly Willowes,* and *The Story of San Michele,* originally came to America in English sheets; and that the first English edition of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* consisted of American sheets.

☞Apropos of the booklet, *Reviewing Ten Years: a Personal Record of the Saturday Review*—which has been mentioned in these columns—W. W. Norton sends us advance proofs of his new spring catalogue, in which his firm is celebrating its own tenth anniversary. The catalogue, in honor of the occasion, has been beautifully designed by T. M. Cleland.

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